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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE UNION OF THE SOUTH.

We hold it to be impossible for any national party to protect the South. This fact has been growing more palpable at each successive crisis in the open war upon slavery. In 1835, when the war broke out, the conservative men at the North, in a body, united against Abolition. They saw that it touched the vital and most sensitive chord in the South; and believing that there was a spirit among her people which would not tolerate such insolent interference, they trembled lest it should prove fatal to the Union. Danger to the Union, from anti-slavery aggression on the one hand, and the resistance of the South on the other, formed the key-note of their arguments and appeals. Atherton, of New Hampshire, took this theme on his speeches and the point of his famous resolutions on the subject of slavery petitions. Silas Wright, the giant leader of New York, uttered it again and again in tones of prophetic warning. And Daniel Webster, with his hand upon the Constitution, and in eloquent tributes of patriotic love, declared that anti-slavery, if unchecked, would destroy the Union.

But the South took from the mouths of the conservative men of the North this potent argument, when, by her submission, she taught them that she might be insulted and trampled upon with impunity. The memorable lesson then taught has never been forgotten. It disheartened and destroyed the friends of the South at the North, and added new vigour and insolence to her enemies. What has been the consequence? In each successive struggle from that day to this—in '46, upon the Wilmot Proviso; in '50, upon her exclusion from California, and Utah, and New Mexico—her friends at the North have quailed before Abolition, fallen in spirit and numbers, until now, in the prospect of aggression fiercer than ever before, she finds herself without any support at the North, with her last hope—the Democratic party—prostrate beneath fanaticism. Such are the bitter and mortifying fruits of that miserable policy which cried "Peace, peace," when the watchword of the South should have been, Disunion or our rights.

The North does not believe in Southern resistance. It remembers her past loud and angry threats, all ending in words and nothing more. It sees that while it is rapidly advancing in power, the South is falling behind, and its arrogance follows the change. But, more than all, it calculates upon the magic of office and honours—the spoils of Presidential elections—to buy up Southern politicians and calm and cheat the South. The game has succeeded so often before, why should it fail now? Thus the fear of Southern spirit and of Southern strength no longer disturbs or checks the designs of fanaticism, and parties can no longer be rallied at the North with the view of propitiating the South, lest her resistance should destroy the Union.

But if there could arise in the North a party so bold as to peril its own strength at home by pledges to the South, it is absolutely certain that it will violate them. They will be made without faith, and violated without compunction. Our experience on that point is ample. On the Tariff—a measure which had its opponents in both sections of the Union—the Democratic party broke its faith again and again. At each National Convention it renewed its pledges to the policy of free trade, yet they stand unredeemed to this day. And the very last move made upon the subject, Secretary Guthrie's project, was a palpable descent from the modification of '46. What hope, then, of Northern faith upon a question far more intense and controlling, which has banded the whole North together—the question of slavery? Fanaticism has fixed the stamp of death upon any party or man at the North that dares be true to the South. It points to the ignominious fate of the Democratic and Whig parties as a warning, which none can disregard and live. It brings all to the altar, and makes them swear the oath of eternal hatred to the South. No pledges, therefore, of regard to her institutions can be kept by Northern parties.

Nor can the South derive safety from national parties, for another reason. The North is the aggressor—the South the aggressed. The crusade upon her has been steadily assuming a type more and more uncompromising. The only terms upon which a party can be organized is, that the South should acquiesce in being wronged and degraded. The North will not yield, and the South must, else no organization can be effected. Time was when compromises were possible. But can there be any on the Kansas issue? Must she not be either admitted or excluded as a slave State? What earthly chance does any party at the North stand which goes for her admission on that ground? And how can the South affiliate with, or find safety in, any party which deserts her on this question? No! it is written in the bitter experience of the past, that the North feels neither respect nor fear of the South—that the pledges of national parties are cheats and mockeries, and that there can be neither safety nor honour in them for the South.

What, then, must be the course of the South? All true men agree that in union is her only safety. How is it to be accomplished? Shall she throw herself into the arms of a national party? Will that unite her? What surer way of producing division? Did national parties ever do otherwise than set Southern men upon each other, in the hot scramble for office, to the neglect of their own interest and section? Can they touch or call forth that deep patriotism in the South which can neither forgive nor forget their past treacheries, and scorns their base trickeries? Unite the South, by chaining her to the wheels of corrupt parties, having neither the faith nor the power to protect her! Unite the South, by delivering her up to the North, with all its power and determination to oppress and crush her! Unite the South, by inveigling her into associations with men who have no sympathy but that of the spoiler of the strong towards the weak; no aim but to use and abandon her! The thing is impossible.

Such were our reflections upon reading a recent article in the Columbia *Times*, in which the course of the *Mercury* upon Know-Nothingism is condemned as fatal to the union of the South. Now, what has been its course? What have we done but to hold up to the South and to Southern Know-Nothings the characters and principles of their Northern allies, and to warn them against their association? And in so doing, have we prejudiced the hopes of Southern union? What! is the South to be united by hushing up the truth, and rushing blindly into the embraces of her deadliest foes? Do Southern Know-Nothings ask of us silence in reference to their Northern allies after the scenes in Philadelphia? We have never accused the former of treachery to the South. We believe that there are many hearts among them brimful of devotion to her. But they ask what we can never grant when they expect us to be mute upon the great cause of the South, in order that Know-Nothingism may triumph. It is a sacrifice of principle and duty which no party can receive at our hands.

But again. The position of affairs, just before the advent of the Know-Nothing party, was eminently favourable to the union of the South. The old parties were dismembered. The Whigs in the South had been driven out from the party ranks by the demon of Abolition. The Democrats of the South were experiencing a like fate. A storm of unequalled fury was descending upon us. Throughout the South the necessity of union was becoming an imperative conviction. Everybody pointed to and favoured the consummation. The Know-Nothing party arose, and what was the result? It restored to Southern Whigs the hope of reestablishing their party, through its organization, and revived their fast dying love for national idols. In Virginia—throughout the South—the Whig journals welcomed its advent, and espoused its cause. It galvanized the hopes of defunct politicians, and brought together the hungry horde. But, worst of all, it cau[illegible] sympathy of many true Southern men, whose suppo[illegible] while it gave respectability to the cause, weakened the South in her tenderest point. It abjures sectionalism, and speaks only of nationalism. Instead of the Constitution and our rights, it declares the Union to be the paramount political good—stigmatizes the staunch men of the South, by placing them on the same footing with Abolition fanatics. And as if to throttle the South and tie her down, that Abolition may trample out her life, it binds the consciences of Southern men by the third degree. It introduces new, inferior and destructive questions into our midst, and seeks to give them prominence over the paramount question. It proposes a "test," which spreads bitterness and discord in every community. All these, and more, has Know-Nothingism brought upon us. Yet, the Columbia *Times* speaks of it as a party to unite the South, in resisting the aggressions of the North—the only genuine resistance party now formed in the South! Will the *Times* point us to such a clause in its platform? It is Unionism, Nationalism, in every line. How can such an object be accomplished without complete abandonment of its most solemn injunctions?

Perhaps it will tell us that the Southern Know-Nothings will resist, should the National party fail to fulfil their pledges. What! is it necessary that Southern men should again be duped and betrayed before they even talk of resistance? The Columbia *Times* may be right when it says that so long as the *Mercury* pursues its course, the South will not unite. But it will be because she still clings to National parties, in spite of their faithlessness to her, and because, in the moment most propitious and critical, these party interests will be able to drag her back into the toils.—*Charleston Mercury.*

Selections.

THE "CONDENSED" REPORT OF THE LONDON ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.

Letter from J. B. Estlin, Esq., of Bristol, to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Advocate.

BRISTOL, June 7, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I send for the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, if you have room for its insertion, the copy of a letter I lately addressed to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, on withdrawing my subscription from that Society.

As correct reports of the Anti-Slavery Conference, held in London, last November, can only be gathered by [illegible] *Advocate*, and the American *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and *Liberator*, I am desirous of placing on record a protest against the Official Report of that Conference, published by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and of explaining the injustice done to the anti-slavery cause by that body.

And I am still further induced to request the insertion of this letter, in consequence of the course pursued by Mr. S. Gurney, chairman of the late annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and one of the Society's principal leaders and supporters, in preventing George Thompson from explaining the pro-slavery relations of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, lest he should inculpate the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, and Sir Edward N. Buxton; thereby exhibiting a deference to *religious rank* unworthy of the President of an anti-slavery meeting, and utterly inconsistent with the freedom and independence with ought to characterize an anti slavery platform. Yours faithfully, J. B. ESTLIN.

To L. A. Chamerovzow, Esq., Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

BRISTOL, May 21, 1855.

DEAR SIR: In the Spring of 1853, when I joined, for the first time, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, I took the liberty (with other remarks) of thus writing to you:

"Consistently with my idea of the requirements of the anti-slavery cause, I have never been able to become a subscriber to that Society. It is now about nine years since I began to investigate the subject of American slavery, and the earlier and later history of the Abolition movement in the United States. The London Society did not appear to me to exhibit an intelligent interest in the great question, and the *Reporter* furnished me with very scanty materials for understanding its true state. It was only by taking several American anti-slavery papers weekly that I procured the information I required, and then I ascertained that the *Reporter* misled its readers upon some very important points, by withholding from them intelligence that was essential to a knowledge of the work that was actually performed by the American Anti-Slavery party. Besides this, I was aware that the late Secretary of the Society (representing, as I presume, the sentiments of the committee) was privately endeavouring to alienate sympathy and cooperation from Abolitionists in America, whose enlightened, self-sacrificing devotedness to the slave's cause finds no parallel on this side of the Atlantic. I cannot, however, read the *Reporters* which have been issued since last January, and especially that of the present month, containing, with other happy omens of change, the 'Address of the Christian Churches,' without perceiving that an entirely new spirit pervades the organ of the Society, and that the anti-slavery cause is being advocated in an earnest and faithful manner. Under this conviction, and in the hope that the British and Foreign Association (feeling the increase of its responsibilities, in consequence of the unexampled interest in the anti-slavery cause which Mrs. Stowe has awakened throughout Great Britain) will put forth renewed and vigorous efforts in promoting the Abolition movement, I should be glad to become a member of the Society," &c.

After having long been accustomed, on various public occasions, to declare my belief that your Society was an obstacle in the way of the true anti-slavery cause, it was very gratifying to me to see such tokens of a change of policy as would allow of my enrolling myself among your members.

I think you have never doubted my desire and endeavour to reconcile opposing differences of opinion among the friends of the cause; and my highly valued friends in the United States (who belong to the American Anti-Slavery Society) will, I am sure, readily attest to my encouraging them to hope for a more cordial feeling from the British and Foreign Association towards them, and counselling them to avoid unfriendly allusions to the past short-comings of that Society, provided its future course were such as it promised to be.

I looked forward to the Anti-Slavery Conference (summoned by the British and Foreign Association for Nov., '54) with much hope that it would tend to carry out your professed purpose of establishing a good understanding between the friends of the slave in this country and in America; and it was no slight disappointmnet to me to find that at that Conference the leaders of the Broad street Society resolutely opposed any special friendly recognition of the only pure Anti-Slavery Society in the United States—the only one unfettered by political or sectarian purposes, viz., "The American Anti-Slavery Society."

Still, although I regretted that the resolution to recognise the labours of that Society had been formally withdrawn by the proposer and seconder, on an implied assurance from the committee that the past differences would never be allowed to interfere with future harmony, yet, as the Society promised, through the *Reporter*, to publish a full account of the proceedings of this Conference (in which various speakers had vindicated the claims of the American Society, and strongly pointed out the injustice that had been done to the American Abolitionists in past years), I was inclined to hope that the Broad street Society, by issuing such a record of all the transactions of the Conference as would serve for an historical document, might in reality accomplish the professed objects of this Convention.

During the present month, the promised report, published by the British and Foreign Association, has come into my hands; and on perusing it, I am compelled to say, that as a record of the proceedings of that Conference (and a FULL report was promised in the January *Reporter*), it is not a faithful one. It inserts a number of formal essays read at the Conference, and two or three speeches and statements; but it omits all those portions which would impart to the document an historical interest, and inspire confidence in the minds of the numerous friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society in this country and the United States.

My opinion of the unfaithfulness of their report cannot be considered a harsh one, when I draw your attention to the following facts:

Neither the pamphlet nor the summary of the proceedings in the *Reporter* of January, '55, gives any list of persons who were present at the meeting.

And it is especially remarkable that no mention is made of the appointment of lady delegates from Manchester; for your committee must be fully aware of the insult felt by many members of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in 1840, owing to the exclusion of female delegates from that important meeting, by the votes of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

While a long paper upon Cuba is inserted in the report, no notice is taken of Mr. Pillsbury's speech upon that paper, which General Thompson declared to some friends present was "*the* speech of the sitting."

Much was said in the Conference, by several speakers, of the past course of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; but no allusion is made either to these speeches or to the virtual pledge of the committee that a different policy should be adopted in future towards the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Again, the important information given by Mr. Pillsbury respecting the course of the Quakers in America on the slavery question is altogether unnoticed.

A speech of the Rev. J. Sherman is given, but the remarks which followed it, by Mr. Pillsbury, upon the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and which Mr. Sherman said was "exactly the sort of information the Conference had assembled to hear," were kept out.

But not only have Mr. Pillsbury's numerous, varied and valuable statements been altogether ignored—even the very circumstance that so distinguished a man among the American Abolitionists as Parker Pillsbury was *present* at this Conference is actually concealed from the readers of this report! To what but the most studied design can this omission be attributed?

In the present fearful extension of slavery in America, a British Anti-Slavery Society that does not make it a primary object to afford moral and material aid and cordial sympathy to the American Abolitionists, overlooks, in my apprehension, the chief mode in which it can serve the cause; and for an Anti-Slavery Conference, professedly summoned to consider the requirements of the cause, to publish as its results essays upon Cuba, upon the freed negroes of the West Indies, upon the disuse of slave-labour-produce, upon the Dutch slave possessions, upon ginning cotton in England, on the imprisonment of coloured seamen in South Carolina, &c., and leave entirely out of view the tremendous struggles of the cause, and its devoted advocates in the United States, appears to me to be merely *playing at anti-slavery!*

Whatever, then, were my hopes and expectations when I united with your Society, the result of the late Conference has completely disappointed them; and if no other evidence existed, the refusal of all special recognition of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the contriving such a report of the proceedings as to keep out of view speakers whose remarks would have been received with peculiar interest by the most devoted Abolitionists in this country and the United States, is sufficient to convince me that the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society is likely to pursue a course which I believe will be rather a hindrance than a help to the true anti-slavery movement.

Under these circumstances, I cannot, consistently with my sense of duty, allow my name to be longer associated [illegible] withdraw it.

The interests of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society can be little affected by my being disconnected with it; but I believe no one is so insignificant that he may not by his example do some good or some harm. To secure myself from being chargeable with the latter is the purpose of this communication.

I shall always rejoice to witness any benefit which you, or other members of your committee, may afford to the anti-slavery cause, and with sentiments of personal regard for yourself, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

J. B. ESTLIN.

P.S.—I have omitted to mention that the *Reporter* of January is as unfaithful as the pamphlet of April in its notice of the Conference. The *Reporter* professes to give nothing more than a "general outline for reference," because "a full record of the proceedings of the Conference was in preparation, in pamphlet form, under the direction of the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society"; and it begins with a list of gentlemen who were appointed by various towns to the Conference, but withholds all intimation that very few of these delegates were present; and it supplies none of the deficiencies which I have pointed out in the pamphlet.

I may erroneously interpret the *intention* with which the omissions have been made in the *Reporter* and pamphlet; but the fact is patent—that a Conference on anti-slavery subjects (among which were the "duty of British Abolitionists, and the present position of the Abolition cause in the United States") was summoned by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; and that the only record of this event provided for the public by their Society is the "general outline" in the January *Reporter*, and a pamphlet containing some written essays, and a few "statements," with no list of the persons present on the occasion, and no mention of some more important speeches and most prominent advocates of the cause.

With my views of the needs of the anti-slavery cause, I cannot expect any genuine aid on behalf of the friends of the slave from a Society which, while making high pretensions of rendering essential service to the movement, and claiming the control of it in this country, systematically undervalues and conceals the labours of the devoted and enlightened Abolitionists of the United States.

THE LATE J. B. ESTLIN, ESQ., OF BRISTOL.

From the Bristol Mirror, June 16.

OUR obituary this week records the death of this much honoured and much loved fellow-citizen [on Sunday morning, the 10th June], and it would be departing from the usual custom if we allowed the event to pass by without paying our tribute of respect to his memory.

Mr. Estlin was born in December, 1785, in the large house which formerly stood at the top of St. Michael's-hill, where his father, Dr. Estlin, for many years the pastor of Lewin's-mead Chapel, conducted an Academy, at which many of the first men of that day received their education. The doctor was the contemporary and the friend of Southey, Coleridge, Robert Hall, &c., and it was at his table that Walter Savage Landor first met the poet laureate. Mr. Estlin having finished his preliminary studies, and acquired a literary taste, and the power of elegant composition, which he retained to a remarkable degree to the last, he commenced his medical course in the beginning of this century, by an apprenticeship to the late Mr. Maurice, and subsequently by attendance at the Bristol Infirmary, where he entered as the late Mr. R. Smith's pupil, in 1804. From Bristol he repaired to London, and studied at Guy's Hospital, where Sir Astley Cooper was commencing his career of fame as a teacher of Abatomy and Surgery, and became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, in the early part of 1806. He afterwards finished his professional studies at Edinburgh, where he remained nearly two years, and became a Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, as well as of a more private Society called the "Azygotic," of which Dr. Arnould, R. Hampden and the late Dr. Prichard were also members.

Having thus completed an unusually long course of medical instruction, he commenced to practice in Bristol, and from that time to the last year of his life he took a station among the first surgeons of the city. Although he enjoyed a large general practice in all branches of medicine and surgery, he devoted his attention more especially to the treatment of ophthalmic diseases, at that period but little understood, and he soon acquired well-merited fame and a large practice in that department. In 1812 he established the "Dispensary for the cure of complaints in the eyes," in Frogmore street; and it was a work of no ordinary kind, and one productive of incalculable good, to have established and carried on with great success a medical charity, at which, at the period of his death, *more than sixty thousand* poor people, suffering from these distressing ailments, had been relieved. For the first fifteen months of the institution, all its expenses were defrayed by Mr. Estlin alone; and until disabled by illness he continued to give his services gratuitously, bestowing medical superintendence, and managing the finances with discreet economy.

Mr. Estlin married Miss Bagehot, of Langport; but the hand of death made him early a widower. One daughter survives him, to remember with pleasing satisfaction his innumerable excellent qualities and good deeds, unknown to others, and to feel grateful that he was allowed to complete his useful life and to pass away, prepared for death, and without suffering. He was seized with a paralytic attack two years ago in London, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered, and from that time he gave up all his professional duties, which for the two previous years had been entirely restricted to ophthalmic practice. The last and fatal attack came on suddenly on Friday evening, and on Sunday morning he ceased to breathe. With great sweetness of temper and kindness of disposition Mr. Estlin evinced an inflexible firmness in advocating what he believed to be right. Through life he was the constant friend and supporter of liberal principles and liberal measures; and this not in the sense in which the term has been applied to a political party, but he possessed genuine and true liberality of mind in the most extended meaning of the word. He devoted many years of his life to the anti-slavery cause, which he supported warmly with his voice and pen and purse, and his name as an advocate in that cause is almost better known in America than in England. It may be interesting to state that it was while attending an anti-slavery committee meeting he was seized with his last illness, so that he may be said to have literally died in harness. Adored in his own private circle, he was esteemed by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, and there are doubtless many who may read this brief notice who will remember with gratitude the relief and support which his presence in the sick room invariably gave to the patients and their anxious friends. Although he had ceased to practise his profession for some years, his name was held in the highest estimation by his medical brethren, with whom, as with all others, his strictness of principle, true honesty, and uniformly amiable manners, made him an especial favourite. The following memorandum appended to his will, and referring to the mode in which his funeral is to be conducted, is worthy of preservation, as showing much sound sense, and setting a good and needed example:

"Anxious to mark my disapproval of the absurd waste of money that usually takes place on the occasion of a funeral (money which in many cases can be ill-afforded to be thus squandered), I especially direct that my funeral expenses (exclusive of any sum necessarily employed about the family vault, for a leaden coffin, or for travelling, should I die from home) shall not exceed *twenty pounds*. If *respect to the dead* can only be shown by black feathers and black coaches, I am willing to pass to my resting place unrespected. As, however, my object is not to save money for my estate, and as, without these directions, an additional sum of forty pounds would probably be expended in heartless show, I direct that this latter-named amount of forty pounds be distributed in charity as follows, viz.: Ten pounds to the minister of St. George's Chapel, near Park street; ten pounds to the minister of St. Augustine's Church; ten pounds to the minister of the parish where I was born (St. Michael's); and ten pounds to the minister of St. Paul's Church (all in Bristol). To be distributed by them in small sums, according to their discretion, to the deserving poor in their respective parishes."

The funeral is to take place to-day (Saturday). Mr. Estlin's remains are to be deposited in the family vault, in the burying-ground connected with Lewin's-mead Chapel, in Brunswick square.

It is not too much to say that within the last fifteen years, during which an interest in the anti-slavery cause in the United States has been developed in England, that cause has sustained no greater loss than by the death of Mr. Estlin. The American Abolitionists have had no fellow-labourer on this side of the Atlantic more respected for his personal qualities, and for the whole-heartedness with which he devoted time, talents and money to the promotion of their common object. He fully apprehended the greatness of their enterprise; he knew that it was no effort of sentimental romantic sympathy with people merely because they are black and far off. He felt that in labouring with and for the Abolitionists he was doing what in him lay for the American people, and for the cause of civil liberty and human progress throughout the world.

[illegible] no means impulsive in his disposition, Mr. Estlin was a careful inquirer before adopting a new view of any subject; but when his judgment was satisfied, he embraced it heartily and unreservedly. His manner was distinguished by candour and gentleness, but he was immovable in his adhesion to what he believed to be right. He was remarkably cheerful, sincere, straightforward, and unaffected. An obituary notice, from the pen of Mr. George Thompson, which has appeared in the *Empire*, appreciates Mr. Estlin's character with so much justice and delicacy that we cannot refrain from quoting a part of it here:

[See *Standard* of the 7th instant.]

No man's poverty or want of worldly distinction prevented Mr. Estlin from holding out the right hand of fellowship to him for the promotion of anti-slavery objects. Some valuable labourers in that cause can gratefully acknowledge the substantial support and countenance which he extended to them when greatly discouraged by the opposition of professed friends of the slave, from whom they expected very different treatment.

Our acquaintance with Mr. Estlin commenced about ten years ago, in similarity of interest in this cause; and it soon ripened into a friendship which was truly delightful to us from the cordiality of his kindness and the completeness of his confidence. It was a blessing such as one rarely meets with in a lifetime.

It was entirely owing to his earnest wish that the objects and efforts of the American Abolitionists should be impartially brought before the British public that the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* was first published, and it has been sustained chiefly by his bounty. We do not hesitate to mention this fact, as it is well known how rarely any periodical having only a reformatory object pays its own expenses; and that, unless the deficiency in the returns were made up by their supporters, few such publications could continue to exist.

It will interest our readers to know that, only the day before the attack of illness which terminated his valuable life, Mr. Estlin sent us the manuscript of the letter which appears in the present number, resigning his membership in the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. He believed that faithfulness to the anti-slavery cause required him to bear his testimony thus publicly, and he never shrank from the performance of a duty because it was disagreeable.—*R. D. Webb, in Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

LETTER FROM REV. MR. FESSENDEN.

To the Editors of the [Boston] Congregationalist.

GENTLEMEN: Many years ago, I refused to take the *Christian Mirror*, because, among other reasons, its editor often used his influence to extenuate the wickedness of those who sought to conceal the wrongs and perpetuate the crimes and horrors of American slavery. Before I subscribed for the *Congregationalist*, I was assured that I should find its conductors *true men* in reference to the giant sin of our country, and that the influence which they would exert in regard to it would be directly opposite to that which was excited by Dr. Cummings. Trusting in this assurance, I confidently hoped, by sending to Massachusetts, that I might be able to obtain what I had long desired and sought without success, a religious journal, sustained by Congregationalists, that would be faithful to the interests of the slave, and would openly and pointedly rebuke, as they deserve, all apologists and upholders of the execrable system of chattel slavery. But, gentlemen, I am disappointed to find you, in company with the editor of the *Mirror*, casting the mantle of Christian and brotherly charity over Dr. Nehemiah Adams, who has written and published a book with the express design of making its readers believe that this system of abominations is a harmless and even benevolent institution, and has the approbation of God and the sanction of his word. As proved incontrovertibly, both by civil tribunals and ecclesiastical bodies at the *South*, the book abounds in statements, respecting the general condition and treatment of slaves, which are recklessly false. It betrays a callousness of feeling, in reference to the three and a half millions of imbruted human beings, which, in my judgment, would disgrace an intelligent Mohammedan, or heathen. And if it fails of branding its author with indelible infamy, in the estimation of ministers and Christians of New England, it will only evince, to my mind, the melancholy fact, that their sensibilities have become utterly blunted in respect to "the sum of all villanies," and that long familiarity has brought them to look upon it very much in the same light in which Dr. Adams regards it. Gentlemen, I cannot find words in which to express my sense of the enormity of Dr. Adams's guilt in the conception and publication of his "South-Side View of Slavery." He is, I suppose, a Northern man, was born and educated among the lovers of liberty and the haters of oppression, and has long occupied the elevated and responsible situation of an Orthodox pastor of a large and wealthy church in Boston. He has had access to the very best means of obtaining ample and correct information, in respect to all the great moral enterprises of the day. And yet, in the noon of the nineteenth century, he gives to the public a book which, in reference to slavery, and the efforts which are being made for its removal from the country, "calls evil good and good evil, puts darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." I cannot help viewing his conduct in this matter as sinful in a *superlative degree*. But you, gentlemen, it seems, look upon it in a very different light. You advertise the book in your columns, with Southern and Northern commendations of it. And, in calling the attention of your readers to the advertisement, you are pleased to say "that any references from our remarks respecting the book, to the effect that we have suffered our personal feelings of friendship and affection for Dr. Adams to decline, or the cordiality of our personal intercourse with him to be interfered with, are wholly unauthorized. Honesty of intention, purity of motive, and common brotherhood in Christ, will always command with us the interchange of fraternal reciprocities, in the face of whatsoever difference of opinion." I suppose, gentlemen, I shall do you no injustice in inferring from this statement that, if slaveholding Orthodox ministers and church members from the South should come into your parishes, *in search of fugitive bondmen*, you would bid them welcome to your firesides, your communion tables, and your pulpits, as brethren beloved in the Lord. You certainly must have as good reason to believe them to be as "honest in their intentions and as pure in their motives," in the opinions which they have formed of slavery, as is Dr. Adams in entertaining substantially the same opinions upon the same subject. And I shall do you no injustice in further inferring that, if Dr. Adams should go to Utah and return and publish a book in vindication of *polygamy as a divine and benevolent institution*, you would not hesitate to advertise it in the *Congregationalist*, and say to your readers that you had full confidence in his integrity and would still "interchange with him fraternal reciprocities." I think you will not pretend that a book in favour of polygamy would be more pernicious in its tendency and influence than a book in favour of slavery. Or that the Scriptures do not give *as much* countenance, at least, to the practice of polygamy as of slavery. Or that a man may not be as "honest in his intentions and as pure in his motives" in publishing a book in justification of polygamy as of slavery. Now, entertaining the views which I do of Dr. Adams and his book, I cannot consistently or conscientiously aid in sustaining a paper, the conductors of which can advertise such a work in its columns, and say to the public that they cherish the highest regard and warmest affection for its author, as a good minister of Jesus Christ. I have receipts for the *Congregationalist*, up to May 13th, 1855. I am indebted for the paper for one month. I enclose the pay for that month in stamps, and wish it *discontinued*. I should be glad if you would publish this communication, that my friends in this State may know the reason why I stop the paper.

Respectfully, JOSEPH P. FESSENDEN.

South Brighton, June 16, 1855.

DRAWING THE LINES.

THE two questions which seem to have commanded the most attention during the anniversary week are Temperance and Liberty. These are living questions. They are questions of moral principle brought home to the individual conscience by the movements of society itself.

The meeting at Metropolitan Theatre, in which Dr. Tyng electrified the audience by the boldness and pointedness with which he reprehended the hesitancy and lukewarmness of distinguished clergy in the Temperance cause, was one of the most remarkable temperance meetings ever gathered in New York. The anniversary week meeting, in which Dr. Tyng again appeared to "apologize" for the severity of former remarks, and in which he made his little finger to be heavier than his loins had been before, was a fit successor to the former.

We do not sympathize with the fastidiousness of those who blame Dr. Tyng for the explicitness of his remarks. *We do not think that our dangers lie in the direction of too great honesty and plainness of speech.* We think that the reactionary refinement of the American educated mind tends toward the other extreme. It fears the homely plainness of common speech, and unconsciously seeks to separate between itself and the uncultured, by round, smooth indirections. Nothing is more notorious than the fact that the most distinguished clergymen of New York and Brooklyn have held back from the Temperance cause. They have been friends of Temperance, but enemies of the Temperance Movement. This has been the more to be regretted, because it is not *creditable for teachers of morality to be found scrupulous chiefly on the side of indulgence and luxury.* There was never a movement of the popular mind so full of hope and religious promise as that which has borne along the Temperance cause. It is the full pulse and throb of hearts that, standing between the attractions of animal indulgence and the solicitations of moral good, have chosen the latter. It is not often that communities arise up in masses and sit in judgement upon their appetites, and grow zealous against sensuous indulgence. There exists now throughout our land a popular enthusiasm for good morals. Men clamour for the removal of temptations to vice. Parents and guardians, labourers and employers, agents and factors of all kinds are united in demanding an efficient legislation for the suppression of national evils. So wide a movement in such a direction, continued for so many years without reaction, and with increasing earnestness, has hardly ever been known before.

Now, it is not only unfortunate that moral teachers *par excellence* should not be found in the advance of such a movement, but it is positively scandalous that they should be found opposed to it, refusing to sacrifice their own appetites or their apparent interests. *Those men are the authors of infidelity among us, who teach that religion is always on the side of the strong, and in alliance with the selfishness of wealth and the indulgence of luxury.*

But if these things are so, then it is necessary that some one should expose them. Those who are alive and moving forward ought not to bear the odium of fellowship with dead Phariseeism, which makes long prayers, by way of grace, before devouring widows' houses. Or, to put it in modern phrase, that is busy in "preaching the Gospel," while their people are busy in manufacturing whiskey, or importing brandy, or renting tenements for groceries and grog-shops in which men and women are dissolved in misery and, indeed, devoured literally.

The worst of it is, that these purists, who dodge any risk of public duty, on the plea of reserving themselves to the exclusive preaching of the Gospel, are not sincere or consistent in that plea. They are just as ready to step aside from the technical and theological function of preaching into collateral discourse as anybody else. If it is a Temperance platform, they will not turn aside from preaching the Gospel to ascend that; but if the Historical Society has a public meeting, where old questions are curiously unravelled, there is no hesitancy in appearing there. If an anti-slavery meeting needs an address, it will not turn aside from preaching the Gospel to attend it. But if a Nicholas dinner or a New England dinner requires a clergyman, there is no Gospel that can keep them away from that. Now, we do not condemn them for going to historical meetings, nor to anniversary dinners, nor to social and literary reunions of all kinds. It is in special accordance with our notions respecting the liberty of a clergyman. He is a Christian gentleman, who has a right to be where any Christian gentleman is, and do what any Christian layman may do.

But, upon what ground a clergyman can attend public dinners and anniversaries of all sorts of national societies, and artist and literary celebrations, and all historic and scientific associations, and only excuse himself from movements which seek to cleanse the public morals and to restrict the passions of men, we cannot divine.

If a question of living men requires them to step between the weak and the strong, to the peril of their comfort or reputation, "they will not turn aside from preaching the Gospel of peace and good will to do that!" We can respect men who conscientiously believe that as ministers they must not meddle with any of the applications of moral principle to practical life, and who literally do nothing but expound the sacred text. But *we are far from respecting or confiding in the honesty of men whose ideas of an exclusive preaching of the Gospel are practically a mere shield to defend them from disagreeable duties in dangerous places.*

Alas! that we should have so many rarified men among us, who are so holy that they cannot quite touch the ground, and yet are not etherial enough to rise entirely up, and therefore hang in an unpleasant oscillation between heaven and earth, quite uncertain, in their own minds, to which their duties belong.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

BEAUTIES OF THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

MACON, Ga., Tuesday, July 3, 1855.

THE happy condition of the slaves in the South, so frequently asserted by the people and the Press who hold them in bondage, is not thoroughly appreciated by all of the enslaved race in this region; for a few of them are disposed to forego that blessing for a brief sojourn among the benighted heathen of the North, I suppose in order to enjoy more fully the sweets of slavery on their return, which is always soon.

I came from Columbus to this place, yesterday, and on the train found a stout, healthy negro, about 40 years of age, whose love of liberty had exceeded his discretion, for, a day or two previous, he had essayed to run away. He was pursued and captured; and to prove how fearful his captors were of him, they had his arms tied behind him with a thick rope, and he was chained to the seat with a stout chain secured with a heavy lock. On our arrival at Geneva, he was met by his master, who, in addition to the heavy fetters already on him, placed a pair of handcuffs upon his wrists. He then led him to his wagon, forced him into it, and in the presence of all the passengers commenced pounding him in the head and face—cursing all the while with a malignity of expression and feeling that would have done honour to the Evil One himself.

Notwithstanding a large crowd surrounded him, none dared to say a word, for the man was his property and the *law* protected him, though it was gratifying to hear several who were slaveholders say they disapproved of the master's conduct.

I was also informed at Geneva that a slave on a plantation about two miles from that place had run away that morning, and the dogs had been in pursuit of him several hours, but, up to that time, without success.

In the face of all this, I see announcements in all of the Southern papers of grand celebrations to-morrow in every city and village in honour of the birthday of American Independence. Alas! it is sorrowful to reflect that with all Thomas Jefferson's talent he should have been so short-sighted as to write the Declaration of Independence in the form that he did. It should have been: "All men are created free and equal *(excepting niggers)*"; and then, even if the truth had been suppressed, we should have had consistency.

I find the feeling of disunion is becoming very general all over the South, and it is amusing to hear those who favour the idle talk about what will become of the Northern States in case of a separation. In conversation yesterday with a South Carolinian, he asserted that the North would be starved out and would soon be on her knees, begging to come back again. I asked him if he had ever been North. He said no, whereupon I politely requested him to go once, so that he might see the prospect of our starving, even if the South should be blotted out of existence.

NOT "THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER," BUT A GOLD-HEADED CANE.—The Sacramento *Union* learns that many former Bostonians, residing at San Francisco, have procured a splendid gold-headed cane, encircled with brilliant jewels, to be forwarded to Governor Gardner, of Massachusetts, as a reward or token of respect for his refusal to remove Judge Loring from office. The cost of the gift is stated at not less than $500.

We are not yet informed what action the citizens of Norfolk, Va., have taken to reward Capt. Goodrich, of the schooner Grace Darling, for betraying those poor slaves, a few weeks since, but we presume they will do something equally meritorious as the above. The Captain is in a more humble position than the Governor, but his services to the Slave Power are full as much entitled to notice and reward. Both have betrayed freedom, but we think that Capt. Goodrich should have a few the most "jewels" set in his cane!—*Republican Standard, New Bedford.*

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the Anti-Slavery Celebration, at Framingham, Massachusetts, July 4th, 1855.

From The Liberator.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was then introduced to the meeting, and was received with marks of that high esteem and affection which the friends of freedom universally feel for him who has contended so long, so bravely and so consistently, in behalf of those appointed to destruction in this preeminently guilty land.

Mr. P. referred, at the commencement of his remarks, to a letter which had been received from the Hon. HENRY WILSON, of Natick, in reply to an invitation to be present at the meeting, which letter, he said, he had unfortunately forgotten to bring with him. We print it here, in full:

NATICK, June 30, 1855.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Your very kind note, inviting me to be present at the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society's celebration of National Independence, at Framingham, has been received. On that day, I must fulfil two engagements in the Old Colony; so it will not be in my power to meet with you, and with my neighbours and friends.

I

a lie that the progress of the anti-slavery cause had made necessary.

It is the same with Mr. Everett. In 1826, he made a speech, which he was proud of then, and printed it. We have a copy of the original pamphlet; if we had not a copy of it, he would deny that too (laughter), for every other part of the Dorchester placard, for which we have not his own pamphlet, he does deny, and thinks to creep out of. But Abolitionists have awful memories (laughter and applause). We have had nothing to do with anything but the short-comings of our enemies, and they have been burned into our memories by long years of thought; and very rarely do we make mistakes.

The *Advertiser* denies that Mr. Everett ever advised that anti-slavery meetings should be indicted as an offence and misdemeanour at common law. It quotes a sentence from his message, and says that is all. Now, I happen to have another sentence from that very message, and I am anxious to read it, because, before all of you, as well as hereafter before the press, I want to show Mr. Everett, and his brother-in-law of the *Advertiser*, that we are always after him (laughter)—that he can never do anything in a corner—and that until he retires into absolute private life, and cries for quarter, we never shall give it to him (applause). You remember the confession of John Davis, at the end of his official career, made privately to Mr. Sumner, that slavery ruled the whole government. His whole life had been one long act of servility to the Whig party, which was essentially a pro-slavery party. Yes, that is the way Americans repent; they sin in State street, and repent in the chimney corner (applause). I do not doubt Mr. Everett has repented; he repented in the private room of the editor of the *Advertiser*; but he will go on and sin to-day in Dorchester just as badly as ever. Now, he has sinned in public, he has sinned as a Representative in Representative Halls. When he confesses, he must confess in public; he must undo what he has done, he must take back the weight of his name, the countenance and influence and strength that he has given to the pro-slavery party in this country, before the slave can forgive him; and the moment the slave forgives him, we shall—not till then (cheers).

I will now read you the extract from that message of 1836, which I have often quoted, and which the *Advertiser*, with all its spectacles, cannot find. Mr. Edward Everett writes thus:

"This compact (the Constitution) recognises the existence of slavery, and concedes to the States where it prevails the most important rights and privileges connected with it. Everything that tends to disturb the relations created by this compact is at war with its spirit, and whatever, by direct or necessary operation, is calculated to excite an insurrection among the slaves *has been held, by highly respectable legal authority, to be an offence against the peace of this Commonwealth, which may be prosecuted as a misdemeanour at common law.*

"Although opinions may differ on this point, it would seem the safer course, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to imitate the example of our fathers, the Adamses, the Hancocks, and other eminent patriots of the Revolution; who, although fresh from the battles of liberty, and approaching the question as essentially an open one, deemed it, nevertheless, expedient to enter into a union with our brothers of the slaveholding States, on the principle of forbearance and toleration of this subject. As the genius of our institutions and the character of our people are entirely repugnant to laws impairing the liberty of speech and of the press, even for the sake of *repressing its abuse*, the patriotism of all classes of citizens must be invoked to abstain from a discussion which, by exasperating the master, can have no other effect than to render more oppressive the condition of the slave; and which, if not abandoned, there is great reason to fear, will prove the rock on which the Union will split."

Alabama asks for penal laws against Abolitionists. Gov. Everett transmits her resolves, saying: "These documents relate to a subject to which the attention of the General Court has already been respectfully invited. They are accordingly submitted to the two Houses without comment, in the assurance that, together with the papers of a similar character already communicated, they will receive such consideration as may be due to the importance of their subject matter, and to the source from which they emanate."

This is emphatic language for an official paper. Free discussion of slavery in Massachusetts is an "*abuse to be repressed*"! A barbarous State asks to have free speech made a penal offence in Massachusetts, and this classic Governor, steeped to the lips in oft-repeated eulogies on those who had died for free thought in other climes, has no "COMMENT" to make, but "respectfully invites attention," and asks that "consideration due to the importance of the subject, and the source" from which this insolent request emanates!

Edward Everett, to his lasting infamy be it recorded, is the first Governor of Massachusetts—and, thank God! the last—who has publicly avowed that what he considers "highly respectable legal authority" maintains free speech and free printing to be indictable offences in Massachusetts! No *Daily Advertiser* can erase the record. For once, Mr. Everett forgot his constitutional timidity. Usually

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"

on this occasion, he was as explicit and emphatic as the etiquette of his office would allow.

Now, you may test, by the unblushing falsehood with which the *Advertiser*, to serve a purpose, meets the allegations of that placard, how utterly reckless that press has always been, when it has had to deal with anti-slavery publications.

But there is another party, as well as the Abolitionists, that has a long memory—that is, the slaveholder. The slaveholder never forgets services done him—except when he is asked to pay for them (laughter). But when he can use them for the purpose of gratifying his own spite, or carrying a purpose, he never forgets when a man has once bowed the knee to him. There was a Carolinian who met Mr. Everett at Plymouth Rock, and made him blush—yes, as my friend Theodore Parker said, he looked up and down, to the right hand and to the left, and finally looked straight ahead, and blushed it out—when he thanked him, in the name of the slave States, for the service he had always done to slavery. To-day, Dorchester has committed the great mistake (for the devil, you know, is always left to make a mistake) to invite half-a-dozen Southerners to dine with Mr. Everett. Look in the papers to-morrow, and see if they do not take this most inauspicious occasion to thank him for these things. A friend of mine told me that he learned from one of the Committee that they had tried to smother the Southerners, by reminding them not to touch upon such unwelcome topics; but it takes a good deal to keep a Southerner dumb on such a good point as that, and I will be bound that if we could be seated at that table to-day, it would be as good as such an anti-slavery meeting as this to look in Edward Everett's face.

I will detain you but a single moment longer. I think it was on the Fourth of July, in this very Grove, a year ago, that we, all of us, pledged ourselves to do what we could to take Mr. Loring from his seat as Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, and we appointed ourselves a Committee of the Whole for that purpose. There is no need of my making any report to this Committee of how far we went, and what we did, and what was the obstacle that stopped us; but I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the Committee have leave to sit again (cheers); that we go on another year; and provided they will give us a Governor whose virtue is not a matter of mere calculation—for I never could calculate Gov. Gardner's virtue, unless you could tell me what State election was going on at the time, and what probable effect it would have on the Know-Nothing question—I say, if they will only give us a decent Governor, let us double our petition, and I know that our friend ALBEE, who is with us here to-day, will give us a report stronger even than his last one, for his is a spirit that never says fail, and we shall succeed. If, therefore, there is any man here who has any influence anywhere in the political camp, I ask of him that he will give us a clean leaf next political year; and let us establish the judicial bench of Massachusetts on a secure foundation, by taking away from it a load of infamy which no judicial bench can bear.

LIBERTY AGAINST SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BEREA, Madison Co., Ky., July 6, 1855.

SEVERAL events have recently transpired in this vicinity, some of an encouraging character, and others calculated to awaken in every American feelings of indignation and shame.

In March last, the Rev. John G. Fee, who has at times appeared before your readers, was prevented from filling an appointment by a band of armed men. That what I shall relate below may be understood, I will give briefly the proceedings on that occasion.

A Committee of thirteen presented resolutions as follows:

The first, declared that the "respectable citizens," giving their mental experience, "looked upon the course and conduct of John G. Fee as prejudicial to the interest, prosperity and welfare of our country."

Does the country seem in danger while such redoubtable heroes are on guard? This burst of patriotism reminds one of the declaration of the Botany Bay prisoners:

"True patriots we, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good."

The second resolution appointed a Committee of thirteen "to confer with the said Fee upon the subject, and politely request and admonish him to cease from proclaiming orally or publishing in any way whatever" his views on the slavery question.

The third resolution says that if words and grass won't do, they would try what virtue there is in stones.

In accordance with the second resolution, the thirteen presented the whole batch to the Rev. John G. Fee, and "politely requested" him to leave the house. This he, of course, refused to do. Nor would he, by any act, acknowledge their power to direct his movements. He was, however, placed on his horse and the animal forced along for a mile.

This outrageous proceeding was the occasion of the meeting in Jessamine County, and passage of the resolutions published in your paper of June 23. A meeting was held in the Glade Church, in Madison County, at which were passed resolutions of similar purport. There exists here a strong and growing determination in the minds of those who prize the right of free discussion to defend this right, cost what it may.

But I now come to the greatest and most cheering event of the day—a Liberty celebration of the Fourth in a slave State. This was something new and glorious.

On Wednesday, the Fourth, at the Glade, in this County, Cassius M. Clay addressed a large collection of people. Though notice had been given but a short time before, and had consequently but a limited circulation, yet the audience was large and the interest great.

The distinguished orator made one of his most successful efforts, and, for two hours, set forth, in bold relief and with telling power, the disastrous influence of slavery in ancient and modern times, and the responsibilities and duties of freemen.

The recent outrage upon Mr. Fee, and the subsequent excitement, furnished ample material for the skillful hand of this master workman, which he used to great advantage.

Mr. Fee succeeded Mr. Clay, showing the high-handed aggressions of the Slave Power—the curb and goad which it applies to the non-slaveholder as well as the slave, and the despotic sway it will continue to wield unless destroyed by the political action of free men.

Several slaveholders were in attendance who listened with much interest; and it is hoped that arguments then presented will have weight in time to come.

Though many things discourage, we keep a good heart, and, with the blessing of Providence, we shall labour on, turning each scheme, sharpening every thought, in season and out of season, till the glad herald, with welcome voice, "proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

J. S. D.

VOICE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE select Committee to whom was referred the message of His Excellency the Governor, transmitting certain Resolutions of the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas, having taken the same into consideration, have instructed me to report the accompanying.

J. KITTREDGE, for the Com.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Whereas, His Excellency the Governor laid before the Legislature the following Preamble and resolutions viz.: "Whereas, the right of property in slaves is expressly recognised by the Constitution of the United States, and is, by virtue of such recognition, guaranteed against unfriendly action on behalf of the General Government; and whereas, each State in the Union, by the fact of being a party to the Federal compact, is also a party to the recognition and guarantee aforesaid; and whereas, the citizens of each State are, in consequence of such citizenship, under the most sacred obligations to conform to the terms and tenor of the compact to which their State is a party; therefore,

"Resolved, Be it ordered by the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas, that the legislation of Congress repealing the Missouri Compromise of eighteen hundred and twenty, and asserting the doctrine of non-interference with slaves, alike in States and Territories, is in strict accordance with the Constitution and in itself just and expedient, and is, for these reasons, cordially approved by the people of Arkansas.

"Resolved, That the opposition of the Northern States to the legislation above mentioned is at war with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, is grossly violative of plighted faith and a traitorous blow aimed at the rights of the South and the perpetuity of the Union.

"Resolved, That the citizens of the State of Ohio have pursued a course peculiarly unjust and odious, in their fanatical hostility to institutions for which they are not responsible; in their encouragement of known felons and endorsement of repeated and shameless violations of law and decency, and in their establishment of Abolition presses and circulation of incendiary documents, urging a servile population to bloodshed and rapine; and, by reason of the premises, it is the duty and the interest of the people of Arkansas to discontinue all social and commercial relations with the citizens of said State, and the same is hereby earnestly recommended as the punishment of past outrages and a preventive of further aggressions.

"Resolved, That His Excellency the Governor be and he is hereby requested to transmit copies of these resolutions to the Governors of the several States and Territories of this Union, to be laid before the Legislative authorities thereof and to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to be laid before the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States."

Therefore, be it ordered, by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court convened, as follows:

Resolved, That the Legislature of New Hampshire expressly and distinctly deny, that the Constitution of the United States recognises the right of property in slaves; and while they admit that the Constitution confers upon Congress no authority to interfere with the subject in the States, they do claim that from all territory over which Congress have the exclusive power of legislation, they may and it is their duty to exclude it, and that the doctrine of the slave States, that Congress are restrained from all action unfriendly to slavery in such territory, cannot be sustained.

Resolved, That the Legislature of New Hampshire entirely disagree with the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas respecting the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and believe that the repeal of said Compromise was an uncalled for, a most gross and wanton outrage upon the rights, feelings and sentiments of the people of the Free States, and should be condemned by every citizen of every State of this Union, as a most perfidious and treacherous violation of public faith and national honour.

Resolved, That the people of New Hampshire demand, as a right, the restoration of said Compromise and the amendment of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, so-called, so as to exclude slavery from said Territories, and will never consent to the admission into the Union of any State formed out of said Territory with a Constitution tolerating slavery.

Resolved, That, while the people of New Hampshire are ardently and affectionately attached to the Union and will do all in their power to preserve it, consistently with their honour and their rights, they will not, to avoid any crisis, submit to the introduction of slavery into Kansas and Nebraska, consecrated and set apart to free labour as those Territories have been for more than thirty years, by the consent of all the States of the Union.

Resolved, That threats of a dissolution of the Union, coming from the slave States, unless they are permitted to regulate the policy of the General Government on the subject of slavery, have lost all their terrors, with the people of New Hampshire, and that they are resolved to demand and enforce their rights in every crisis, and at any sacrifice consistent with honour and the Constitution.

Resolved, That it will be time for the General Assembly of Arkansas to complain of the legislation of the Free States respecting slavery when the Slave States shall have corrected their own, and when the lives, liberty and property of the people of the Free States shall be made safe therein.

Resolved, That the question whether it is the duty and the interest of the people of Arkansas to discontinue all social and commercial relations with the people of Ohio in consequence of conduct which they disapprove, is one upon which the people of New Hampshire are not, at this time, called to act, and one which they are willing the people of Arkansas should settle for themselves, *upon their own responsibility*, having no fears that the people of Ohio, will be frightened from what they deem *their* duty or interest, by any threats of the kind coming from the State of Arkansas, or any other slave State, and that the people of New Hampshire hereby pledge themselves to the people of Ohio that they will unite with and sustain them in all Constitutional efforts to resist the further aggressions of the Slave Power.

Resolved, That His Excellency the Governor be, and he hereby is, requested to transmit copies of these resolutions to the Governors of the several States and Territories of the Union, to be laid before the Legislative authorities thereof; and to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to be laid before the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

The select Committee to whom were referred certain resolves of the State of Maine, "relating to slavery," have instructed me to report the accompanying Preamble and Resolutions.

MASON W. TAPPAN, for the Committee.

Whereas, the aggressive policy which has been pursued by the Slave Power, and more especially the recent wanton abrogation of a time-honoured Compact, by which a vast territory, secured to Freedom, has been opened to the curse of human slavery, evinces a determination on the part of that Power, at any and every hazard, to acquire and hold the supremacy in the Government of the United States—to transform this boasted "land of the Free" into a great slave-holding confederacy—and whereas, in the crisis that is upon us, and in the struggle between the opposing principles of Liberty and Slavery, it becomes the people of the Free States to take counsel together, that they may act in concert upon the great question which so nearly concerns the interests of all—the Legislature of New Hampshire, in response to the communication from her sister State of Maine, deems it her duty to put forth the following Declaration of Principles; therefore,

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court convened, as follows:

That, in the present struggle, whatever other States may do, New Hampshire, true to the early policy of the Fathers of this Republic, will be found unfaltering on the side of Liberty.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the people of the Free States to postpone all differences of opinion upon minor questions, and act unitedly together in demanding the immediate and unconditional restoration of the Missouri Compromise, and in resisting the admission of any slave State formed out of territory covered by that Compromise.

Resolved, That, standing upon an issue so clearly right, dearly as New Hampshire loves the Union of these States, no threats of dissolution will have any terrors, or drive her from her fixed purpose of doing all in her power to restore Kansas and Nebraska to Freedom.

Resolved, That, in making this issue, New Hampshire is not to be regarded as yielding any ground heretofore contended for. She takes no step backward. Therefore, this Legislature declares that the Government of the United States was formed to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of LIBERTY; that the institution of slavery is directly opposed to all these ends, inasmuch as it violates the first principles of justice, is a fruitful source of domestic discord, an element of national weakness, trampling under foot not only the rights of the slave, but endangering the liberties of the free States; that it is a local and not a national institution, and it is, therefore, the duty of the General Government, wherever it constitutionally may, to exert its power against its extension, and to rid itself of all connection with it.

To this end we demand,

1. That no more slave States or Territory shall ever be added to the Union.

2. The abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

3. The unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and,

4. The protection of the people of the Territories from the unlawful invasion of slavery propagandism.

And we hereby request our Senators and Representatives in Congress to use their most strenuous exertions to have the principles embodied in these resolutions carried out.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to forward a copy of these resolves to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to the Governor of each State, with request that the resolves be laid before the Legislature thereof.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1855.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

THE Twenty-first Anniversary of the Emancipation of EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND Bondmen in the West India Islands will be celebrated on WEDNESDAY, August 1st, by the New York Anti-Slavery Society, in MORRIS'S GROVE, on the Long Island Railroad, one mile and a half west of Jamaica, and 12 miles from the city.

The Society and all others who choose to unite in the celebration will leave Brooklyn in a special train of cars, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will be landed at the entrance of the Grove. Returning, they will take the cars at about 6 o'clock, P. M.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is engaged to be present and deliver an address. Other speakers have also been invited, but at this moment the Committee are not prepared to make any positive announcement of names. Among those invited, however, are LUCRETIA MOTT and ERNESTINE L. ROSE.

A Band of Music has been engaged for the occasion, and the Committee assure the public that ample arrangements will be made to secure the comfort of those who may attend. Plenty of cold water will be provided, but families and parties will find their own refreshments, dining together in pic-nic fashion.

Tickets for the excursion, price 50 cents, may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street; of Rowland Johnson, 54 Beaver street; of Lauren Wetmore, 14 Platt street; and of J. M. Hall, 20 Cedar street. Those who intend to go are earnestly requested to buy their tickets before noon of Tuesday, July 31st, in order that the managers of the railroad may be duly informed of the number to be accommodated.

LAUREN WETMORE,
J. MORTIMER HALL,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
} *Committee of Arrangements.*

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The following letter to one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society, faithfully exposing the conduct of that institution in prostituting its official *Record* to the support of American Slavery, is so timely and important, that we give it the most prominent place in our columns, commending it to the careful attention of our readers, especially to those on the other side of the Atlantic, who will find therein fresh evidence of the apostacy of the American Church from the principles of Freedom which pervade the precepts of Christianity and are so beautifully exemplified in the life of its Founder.

To the REV. J. C. BRIGHAM, D.D., *Senior Secretary of the American Bible Society.*

REVEREND SIR: The *Bible Society Record*, the official periodical of the American Bible Society, in its number for November last, attracted the attention of its readers, by the words "IMPORTANT DOCUMENT," in large letters. They proved to be the caption of "Extracts from an Address delivered before the Abbeville Bible Society, at its Anniversary, July, 1854, by Robert A. Fair, Esq., Abbeville, South Carolina." The orator urges upon the Society the duty and policy of giving the slaves the Bible, and, of course, the duty and policy of teaching them to read it. Mixed up with many pious expressions, the prominent and controlling argument for giving the Bible to the slaves is, that the BIBLE IS A PRO-SLAVERY BOOK. Hear him: "If the teachings of Holy Writ were at war with the institution of slavery, and we were struggling to maintain it in opposition to those teachings, or if the proposition was to put the slave in possession of a knowledge of the arts and sciences—to confer a high degree of intellectual culture—fully to educate him, we might be disposed to yield the point. But how stands the case? *Why, that the teachings of the Bible are not only not unfriendly to the institution of slavery, but that in them the institution is most amply recognised: it is upon them that we triumphantly rest its defence.*"

At present, the slaves are ignorant that the master wields his whip, as the monarch his sceptre, "by the grace of God." Says Mr. Fair: "We would not be startled at the announcement of the fact that two-thirds of our slave population did not know or believe that the subject of slavery, or their condition, was ever alluded to in the Bible—that two-thirds of them are ignorant of the *authority by which we essay to hold them in bondage, or demand at their hands obedience and service.* To such how galling is the yoke—how bitter the bondage."

So, all we have to do, to render the yoke easy and the bondage sweet, is to teach the slave that it is God Almighty, and not the slaveholder, who robs him of every civil and religious right, denies him the parental and conjugal relations, dooms him to concubinage, and sends him and his children to market in company with the beasts of the field; and this teaching is to be effected by allowing him to read certain passages in the Bible, aided by the comments of his master!

Next we have an argument in favour of the Bible, and, of course, in favour of the American Bible Society, addressed to the masters. Many of these, having weak consciences, may have scruples about compelling the poor and helpless to toil for them during life under the lash, and reducing them to the condition of brute beasts; while others, void of all scruples, are tempted to treat their slaves with such extreme cruelty as to bring the institution into bad odour, and to endanger its permanency by strengthening the Abolition party. The Bible will prove an antidote to both evils. Says Mr. Fair: "Nor would we be startled at the announcement of the fact that many masters were ignorant of a Scriptural view of the subject—of the true grounds upon which to place the institution, and the duties of masters; which ignorance betrays them into many errors and abuses, *the tendency of which is to undermine the institution.* Now, relieve the minds of both parties of this darkness and ignorance, *and thoroughly educate and indoctrinate* them into clear, sound, intelligent Scriptural views of the whole subject, and of *what an immense weight will the institution be relieved*, and of what a burden will the bosoms of slaves and the minds of masters also be relieved"!

We now discover the force of the words "IMPORTANT DOCUMENT." It is, indeed, a new project for promoting the extension and permanency of human bondage, but one of the wildest and most impracticable that ever issued from the distempered brain of a projector. Would to God that it might be adopted on a large scale, and that, on every plantation, the hoe and the whip might be cast aside long enough for the slaves to learn to read the Bible.

It has been said that of all fools, a pious one is the most mischievous, and certainly the slaveholders will be of this opinion should they hearken to Mr. Fair's project for strengthening their peculiar institution.

"One ray of heavenly light
Melts all the chain away."

The poor stupid slave, a mere living machine, may be led to look on his master as a superior being, and himself but little removed from the brute; his mind shrouded in darkness, and his intellect torpid, he remains a passive, unthinking, unresisting tool. But arouse his faculties, put in action his reason, his conscience, his reflection; enable him to study the Bible, and keep from him, if you please, every other printed page, and he discovers from his Bible that he is an immortal, accountable being, entitled by God to seek his own happiness, to enjoy his own wife and children, and required to provide for and educate them—entitled to the fruits of his own labour, and to be loved by his master as a neighbour, not treated as a brute. He discovers that American slavery is opposed to every attribute of the Deity, and every precept of mercy and of justice proclaimed by his incarnate Son. Yes, let the slaves be taught to read the Bible, and the work of abolition is done.

In giving currency to Mr. Fair's project and the *arguments* in support of it, you did not deem it prudent to accompany them by any other comment than the equivocal words, "IMPORTANT DOCUMENT," leaving your readers in doubt whether, in your opinion, the importance consisted in the truth or the impiety of his vindication of the "sum of all villanies" from God's holy word. But time passed—you travelled into the slave region, and associated with slaveholders, and, giving to the winds your former equivocal reserve, you again adverted to the IMPORTANT DOCUMENT. The *Bible Society Record* of April last contains a letter from you to your colleagues, written in Florida. In this you tell them, and through them the public, that "this subject of furnishing the Bible to slaves is one of vast importance, and will, I trust, receive more of the attention of our Southern auxiliaries than heretofore. I find the EXCELLENT ADDRESS recently delivered in South Carolina on this subject, and reprinted in part in our February *Record*, has been *widely read*, and, so far as I have learned, meets the approval of the Christian community." So, the document which, in November, was only important, is, in April, officially declared to be EXCELLENT. It has, indeed, been *widely read*, not in Southern papers, but through the Press and at the expense of the American Bible Society! Yes, Sir, the Society which disclaims the right of adding a single note or comment to the Bible has itself proclaimed, through its official organ, that the Bible it distributes is the charter by virtue of which the planter holds his miserable bondman—that it is on the inspired volume he *triumphantly* rests his defence of human bondage, and all its indissoluble abominations—that it is by Divine authority he "*demands*" the obedience and service of his fellow-man; and the document containing this atrocious libel on God's holy word receives the imprimatur of the American Bible Society, as *important* and *excellent*!! You well know, Sir, that all Christendom, with the exception of so much as is directly interested in slavery, and our Northern doughfaces and Cotton Christians, who think it their interest to court Southern votes and Southern trade, repudiate with horror the idea that American slavery is a Divine institution. In the volume you have compiled, of the testimonies of distinguished men of various ages and nations in behalf of the Scriptures, not one word is to be found in praise of the Bible as a warrant for the rich and powerful to degrade and oppress the poor and helpless. No, Sir, Mr. Fair is the first Bible Society orator that ever advocated Bible Societies as auxiliaries of human bondage; and the official paper of the American Bible Society is the first Bible Society publication that has ever been polluted by an attempt to maintain the Scriptural authority of a vile and loathsome institution. It is your business, as Secretary, to aid the circulation of the Bible, not to interpret it. You had no right officially to condemn slavery as unscriptural; whence do you derive the right officially to publish a vindication of it, and to pronounce that vindication EXCELLENT?

The Tract Society, by refusing to condemn the enforced concubinage, ignorance, degradation and oppression of millions of our own countrymen, and by appointing Dr. Adams, the unblushing apologist of these abominations, the controller of its press, is giving great and well-founded offence to a large portion of the Christian community. But the Tract Society has not outraged the moral sentiment of the North by publishing a Tract in behalf of slavery as an institution sanctioned by the Word of God.

We all know that Rum-sellers and Rum-drinkers, and not a few Divines, maintain that the traffic in strong drinks is expressly sanctioned by the Bible. Let us suppose the recently-formed Society of Liquor-dealers should put forth an address, stating, "We would not be startled by the announcement of the fact that two-thirds of our customers did not know or believe that the subject of the liquor traffic was ever alluded to in the Bible—that two-thirds of them are ignorant of the authority by which we essay to destroy their souls and bodies; nor would we be startled at the announcement of the fact that many *dealers* were ignorant of a Scriptural view of the subject, of the true grounds upon which to place the traffic, and the duties of dealers; which ignorance betrays them into many errors and abuses, the tendency of which is to undermine the traffic and introduce the MAINE LAW. Now, relieve the minds of both parties of this darkness and ignorance, and thoroughly educate and indoctrinate them into clear, sound, intelligent Scriptural views of drinking and selling intoxicating liquors, and of what an immense weight will the liquor traffic be relieved, and of what a burden will the bosoms of the drinkers and the minds of the dealers also be relieved? The teachings of the Bible are not only not unfriendly to the liquor traffic, but it is in them the business is most amply recognised: it is upon them that we *triumphantly rest its defence.*" Let us also suppose that, with this preamble, the address, after the example of Mr. Fair, should recommend the supply of every bar-room with Bibles, for the purpose of soothing the consciences of the drinkers, restraining the dealers from encouraging odious excesses, and strengthening and perpetuating the traffic. It would certainly startle the friends of the American Bible Society to see this address transferred to the pages of their *Record* as an IMPORTANT DOCUMENT, and afterwards endorsed, in the same official paper, by their senior Secretary, as EXCELLENT. And yet, it is just as much within the province of the Society to circulate a Scriptural vindication of the liquor traffic as of American slavery.

But slaveholders and liquor-dealers are not the only persons who quote Scripture in justification of their own wickedness. The Mormons profess a faith in the Divine authority of the Bible, no less explicit than Mr. Fair himself, and are daily appealing to the example of the holy Patriarchs, in justification of polygamy. Should Brigham Young issue a proclamation for an extensive distribution of Bibles in Utah, as a means of removing the vulgar scruples of some of the husbands of many wives, and, at the same time, teaching the inmates of the Harem submission to their degradation, as amply recognised and authorized by Holy writ, would you deem it expedient to insert the proclamation in the *Record* as IMPORTANT AND EXCELLENT? Until liquor-dealers and Mormons shall acquire the same influence and patronage as are now wielded by slaveholders, slavery will be the only crime enjoying the privilege of a Scriptural vindication in the columns of *The Bible Society Record.*

The Directors of the American Bible Society, in their endeavours to court the patronage of the slaveholders, are making a perilous experiment. On those endeavours I cannot now enlarge. I can only refer to the selection of GARDINER SPRING to open the anniversary meeting with prayer, and to dedicate the new Bible House; the odious appointment of the EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK OBSERVER to represent the Society in England, and the prostitution of the *Record* in the circulation of a Scriptural defence of slavery. Be assured, Sir, that, of all prevailing heresies, Cotton Divinity is the most powerful ally of which infidelity can now boast; and that the Reverend professors of this Divinity are driving many more from the Church of Christ than they are leading into it. The internal evidence of the Bible to its Divine authority is that on which the great mass of Christians found their faith in it. They perceive that its truth, its holiness, its mercy, its justice, its adaptation to the wants and desires of all men, in all places and times, and its tendency, if obeyed, to promote peace, good will and benevolence throughout the whole family of man, are, indeed, Divine. But convince men that they have mistaken the tendency of this volume—that, in spite of its precepts of mercy and justice, it gives full warrant to the rich and strong to seize upon their innocent but defenceless brethren, and convert them into beasts of burden, to deny them legal marriage, to seal to them the book of knowledge, to forbid them the acquisition of property, and to make them the victims of a vendible and horrible despotism—and what becomes of the belief of mankind in the Bible? Remember also, Sir, that this pretended warrant for slavery omits to point out who are to be its victims. A master in our Southern Israel has proclaimed, from the pulpit, that the sixty millions of slaves in the Roman Empire, at the time of Christ and his Apostles, were held with their approbation, and these slaves were, with scarcely one exception, of the same complexion with yourself. Ample, under all circumstances, are the responsibilities of him who is invested with the office of a minister of Jesus Christ; but Oh! how tremendously awful are they when he becomes a savour of death instead of life; a champion of an institution which is but a mighty accumulation of cruelty, injustice, oppression, crime and human misery.

A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

July, 1855.

TRIBUTE TO J. B. ESTLIN.

AT the Anti-Slavery Celebration of the Fourth of July, at Framingham, Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., offered the following resolution, which he prefaced by a heartfelt tribute to the moral worth of the man whose death it commemorates. The resolution was supported in brief but eloquent terms by WM. WELLS BROWN and WM. LLOYD GARRISON, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have received, with no common emotions, the tidings of the death of JOHN BISHOP ESTLIN, Esq., of Bristol, England, which event occurred in that city on the 10th of June last. As a man of science, as a skillful surgeon and oculist, as a gentleman of high intelligence, unbending integrity, and unpretending but judicious benevolence, he was extensively known, and honoured wherever known, in his native country. His independence, courage and genuine humanity were fully manifested in his espousal of the anti-slavery cause, after a full and thorough examination of its principles, methods, and aims; and having convinced himself of the wisdom and soundness of the American Anti-Slavery Society's position and principles, he sustained and defended and aided them with a most honourable perseverance and zeal, in spite of years of feeble health, to the very closing hours of his active and useful life. To his excellent judgment and wise plans is largely owing the present growing interest, in Great Britain, in the question of American Slavery. To his generous expenditure of time, labour, and money, our cause owes the authorship of many valuable publications, and especially the establishment and maintenance of the (London) *Anti-Slavery Advocate.* In him, the unfortunate and suffering of every name, and among them the American fugitive slave, found a ready and an invaluable friend. And if we mourn him, it is with devout gratitude to God, who gave our cause such a friend—to us, such a co-worker and example; and with a most sincere sympathy also with her who has shared all his labours. Joyfully do we remember the sacred words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

JOHN BISHOP ESTLIN.

THE stroke so long impending has fallen upon a multitude of hearts. JOHN BISHOP ESTLIN, the friend of the blind, the friend of the enslaved, the friend of humanity, died, at his residence, in Park street, Bristol, on Sunday, the 10th of June, after sustaining, with unimpaired cheerfulness, an illness of more than two years.

In such a case as this, the source of consolation lies in the character of the departed; and now, while we suffer under the sense of personal loss in his death, is the moment to contemplate the inalienable treasure remaining—the example of his active and devoted life.

He was born in Bristol, on the 26th December, in the year 1785, of the early Unitarian stock, his father, the Rev. Dr. Estlin, having been one of those men in whose minds began, in the last century, that struggle of science and knowledge with authority and tradition which still goes on victorious in England, though with a more quiet rapidity. The son pursued his early scientific and professional studies in Edinburgh, and was the friend of Dr. Pritchard, Dr. Hancock, Dr. Arnold, R. Hampden, Esq., and others of the eminent men of that time, whose names have given an Athenian character to the capital of Scotland. He was subsequently settled in Bristol, as a surgeon and oculist, where his father, the friend of Southey and Coleridge, lived and died, as a minister, and where he conducted an Academy at which many of the first men of the day received their education.

Having devoted himself especially to the cure of complaints of the eyes, one of his first acts was to establish a dispensary for their cure, to which the poor might have gratuitous recourse. The first year, the number of patients was twenty-eight; the third year, upwards of a hundred; the thirteenth year, upwards of a thousand; and even after the twenty-eighth year, upwards of two thousand patients per annum were gratuitously attended by him. As Bunyan saw inscribed on the picture in his dream of the man who *fed* the poor, "The more he gave away, the more he had," so it was with Mr. Estlin, in dispensing his time and skill and means, to *heal* them—with this difference, however, that no one "did count him mad" for this prodigality of his power of usefulness, which might have subjected a less perfectly balanced nature and less thorough soundness of judgment to the charge of being carried away by one idea. While labouring abundantly for all good objects, as well as laying, in the more profitable fields of his professional labour, the foundations of fame and fortune, he was, in the meantime, training his nephew, the son of the distinguished Ethnologist, Dr. Pritchard, to the same beneficent work; and it is thus highly probable that the noble inspiration of his youth, sustained so perseveringly and with such constantly increasing efficacy through every change of life and variation of health, up to the time of his death, may continue to exist with the necessity which first demanded it. It seems, indeed, as if a great work of philanthropy, so admirable in conception and execution, should be classed with those of poetry and philosophy, among the works that "men do not willingly let die."

It is interesting and most edifying to read the clear, full, simple, but very closely condensed, statement which Mr. Estlin presented, from year to year, to those whom it concerned—such as he might occasionally call upon for the small additional funds required in carrying on the work. It reads thus: "*Dispensary for the Cure of Complaints of the Eyes, Frogmore street, Bristol. Established in* 1812." Then, after the names of the trustees he had selected, followed his name, with that of his nephew, as the surgeons of the establishment; a statement of the number of persons admitted, a classification of their complaints, a list of donations and expenditures, with a few admirably considered words of explanation to the subscribers. A foreigner, comparing the great numbers treated with the £50 per annum received, might glance over this little sheet without coming to any other conclusion than that it was the report of the workings of some great piece of government machinery. He might conclude, from the accounts, that government had expended some fabulous unacknowledged sum upon a favourite charity, but he would warmly congratulate government on having found an officer capable of discharging such an immense amount of duty. Nothing in the whole report would enlighten him, though all but the one thing is told: that all this time, strength and skill, spent for forty years in giving sight to the poor, is the life-offering of one man. No government is rich enough to buy such a service to humanity. John Bishop Estlin was the beginning, middle and end of this Dispensary in Frogmore street, Bristol, which has received, since its foundation by him, in 1812, up to the time of his death, *sixty thousand* poor patients, the great majority of whom were cured! All this has been done by that almost inconceivable rapidity and soundness of judgment which have made his great reputation in this department, not only among his own countrymen, but among others who sought his advice from the continent.

But not alone his neighbourhood and his countrymen received his aid and sympathy. "*I* am neighbour," he might have said, "to every man that breathes." Nothing in his life more strongly demonstrated this universality of feeling and principle and this sound controlling judgment, which were his strong characteristics, than his treatment of the Anti-Slavery Question. He did not conceive of it as limited by nationalities, or as a mere cloak-pin on which to hang the mantles of departed worthies that they may be at hand for the decoration of unworthy shoulders. He did not look upon it as a philanthropic pretence, a piece of dissenters' property, or a Quaker phylactery. His rigorous protest was continually heard against the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, struck dumb, as it was, before the control of the sectarian, mercantile and banking interests that connect England with America. At one moment, it almost seemed as if the power of his strongly-reasoned remonstrances might resuscitate that dead body. But, alas, encumbered as was the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society by selfishness—abandoned as it had been for years by all that was vital in England, which its incompetency and injustice had compelled to seek other channels of communication with the American Anti-Slavery Society, it was too far gone in worldliness to be revived; and almost the last act of Mr. Estlin's devoted life was to withdraw from its membership. The *last* act immediately preceding his peaceful death was to welcome a circle of his anti-slavery friends to his house, as he had so often done when in the fullness of health and strength. His generous hospitality is a thing never to be forgotten by those happy enough to have experienced it. During its exercise came into play that true, scholarly cultivation of mind, that scientific attainment, that high-toned integrity, that keen and pithy appreciation of life and character which made his society so great a pleasure and so high a privilege. A man is known by his friends as well as by his deeds; and the keen sight and kindred heart of *this* man discerned across the Atlantic, through the smoke of the Anti-Slavery conflict, the

as matters of course by graduates who choose to pay for them. Charles Sumner, the man in the State who has the best claims to the degree of LL. D., on the ground of distinction, ability, high position and learning in the law, has not been noticed by Harvard College since he became a Free Soiler. Stephen C. Phillips, Charles Allen and Charles Francis Adams are men of greater ability and eminence than Mr. Eliot, Mr. Allen and Mr. Phillips having both sat in Congress with reputation, and Mr. Adams having not only political but literary distinction; yet they have no degrees from Harvard College. Neither has Richard Hildreth, the able and learned author of the History of the United States, who, beside his history, has other literary claims to the regard of the College of which he is a graduate. It may be as well to remark, by-the-way, that the set to which Mr. Eliot belongs controls the Massachusetts Historical Society as well as the nominations of Harvard College. Mr. Hildreth has not been admitted to that Society, though, with the exception of Mr. Prescott, he is almost the only man in Boston whom an intelligent stranger would suppose must of course be a member. Had he not been an anti-slavery man, he would, doubtless, have long ago been voted in.

"Among the eminent Democrats who have been neglected by the nominating power of Harvard College, it is sufficient to mention Robert Rantoul and N. P. Banks. Mr. Rantoul was one of the first men of his day in Massachusetts. He was an eminent lawyer; he was one of the few of our political men who deserved to be called a statesman, and a scholar of singularly wide and profound literary attainments. He had been, besides, Representative and Senator in Congress. But he was a Democrat, and, what was worse, an anti-slavery Democrat. A Whig with half his claims to distinction would have had showered upon him all the honours that Harvard College could bestow.

"Mr. Banks has been repeatedly Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was President of the Constitutional Convention of 1853, the ablest body that ever sat in the State, over which he presided with distinguished success, and has been twice elected to Congress. He has risen unaided from a very humble position by his fine talents and by hard and persevering study. He has made remarkable attainments in languages and literature under peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances. He is, therefore, just the man whom the literary institutions of a republican country should delight to honour. Harvard College has never given any sign that she is aware of his existence.

"I might extend still further the list of men much more distinguished than Mr. Eliot whom Harvard College has had under her eyes for years without deigning to notice them. I might name Theodore Parker, the most eminent of our clergymen for talents, learning and literature, whose name and writings are known all over the civilized world; I might name Wendell Phillips, if not the first, *almost* the first of our orators, a man of high culture and attainments, and of national note and reputation, though he has never held office. But I have said enough to show that it does not become the party or set to which Mr. Eliot belongs to make much ado about his rejection, on the ground that political considerations should be entirely excluded in the matter of conferring degrees."

POLITICS.

The Know-Nothings of Illinois had a very exciting time at the meeting of their State Council a few days since. The delegates from the Southern part of the State, usually called *Egypt*, on account of the pro-slavery darkness reigning there, were anxious to adopt the national pro-slavery platform, but they were defeated. The Council voted, 75 to 34, that it would require its candidates for national and State offices to go for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, and declared that Congress had constitutional power to abolish slavery in the Territories. This is better for Illinois than we expected.

——The State Know-Nothing Council of Vermont held a meeting at Burlington, on the 11th, approved the withdrawal of their delegates from the National Council, declared themselves absolved from its government, resolved against the extension of slavery, declared themselves opposed to any new slave States, in favour of the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, an open avowal of their proceedings and membership, and the designation of the "American Party of Vermont." It is understood that they will support the Republican ticket.

——A mass Convention of the anti-Nebraska Republican party of Indiana was held at Indianapolis on the 13th inst. The number in attendance was immense, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The seats in the grove were intended to accommodate 3,000 persons, and, although they were filled to their utmost capacity, scarcely a moiety of the crowd were accommodated. Hon. Charles Test presided. Judge Morton, of Wayne Co., was one of the speakers. In the course of his remarks he said, "We have to repurchase the Union every year! Undoubtedly the Union is dear, very dear, to us of the North; but dear as it is, it is dearer still to the South, and no longer should we allow the bugbear of Disunion to sway us from our duty, which is unqualified opposition to the extension and perpetuation of slavery." Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, made a speech which was received with great applause. Alluding to a rumour that Southern Senators intend going to the Capitol at the next session of Congress "armed to the teeth," he said Northern Senators would not shrink from any issue, personal or political. As there is to be no election of State officers in Indiana this year, no nominations were made; but the spirit of the Convention was such as to leave no doubt that the Republicans hold the State in their grasp as against the pro-slavery Democracy and the remnant of Whig hunkerism.

——The Republican Fusion Convention of Ohio was held at Columbus on the 13th. An exciting struggle was anticipated in effecting a nomination of a candidate for Governor, the more decidedly anti-slavery portion of the body being in favour of Salmon P. Chase and the anti-slavery Know-Nothings preferring Jacob Brinkerhoff, late Democratic member of Congress. All differences, however, were harmoniously adjusted, Mr. Chase receiving an almost unanimous nomination for Governor, and Mr. Brinkerhoff being enthusiastically put forward for the place of Judge of the Supreme Court. Thomas H. Ford, the man who led the Ohio delegation in the National Know-Nothing Convention in Philadelphia, was nominated for Lieut.-Governor. Sagacious politicians think this ticket will receive not less than 75,000 majority at the polls! The platform adopted was too tame to suit Mr. Giddings, but he will support the ticket with all his energies. Mr. Chase, after his nomination, addressed the Convention. He summed up his creed on the subject of slavery in the single word, DENATIONALIZATION. Let the General Government, he said, exercise its legitimate influence on the side of Freedom. He had in years past expressed definite opinions, and they stood now unchanged. The sentiments to which he gave utterance in his speech against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise were those he held now. He was willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with all men who would stand by him in the great battle now about to be fought. It would be the fault of his head and his health if he did not go as far as the farthest, and as willingly as the most willing, in the advocacy of the principles adopted by that Convention. He considered that within the sacred limits of the Constitution there was scope and verge enough for the action of the sincerest anti-slavery men. He would be toward the South just and generous. He expressed his deep and unfeigned gratitude for the honour conferred upon him, and concluded by hoping that the time might soon arrive when the sun, in his course over this continent, would find with his beams no slaves.

THE PROHIBITORY LAW.—This law is almost wholly disregarded and defied in this city. The course of the Mayor and his legal advisers has been such as to give entire immunity to the rum traffic. In Brooklyn, on the contrary, the Mayor is attempting in good faith to enforce the law, and in so doing is sustained by public opinion. It is too early, however, to speak of results, the violators of the law contesting every inch of ground, and inspiring each other with the hope that it may be judicially pronounced unconstitutional. From the interior of the State, and especially from the rural districts, we hear that the law is being enforced with more or less of strictness. In many places the dealers have abandoned the business, and in some large districts not a drop of liquor can be obtained except in the manner and for the purposes prescribed in the law.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—We are requested to state, for the information of those concerned (embracing not a few of our readers), that the Proceedings of the Third Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will be issued in pamplet form in the course of the next week. The pamphlet will embrace the Minutes, Testimonies, Correspondence and Exposition of Sentiments of the Meeting, together with an account of the opening of the new meeting-house at Longwood, and two powerful Discourses by THEODORE PARKER—one of them entitled, "Sermon of the Delights of Piety," and the other, "A Discourse of the Relation between the Ecclesiastical Institutions and the Religious Consciousness of the American People." The pamphlet will be sold to non-subscribers for 15 cents a single copy; 8 copies for $1; 18 copies for $2. It may be procured of Joseph A. Dugdale, Hamorton; Lewis Marshall, West Chester; of Thomas Curtis, 134 Arch street, Philadelphia; and at the Anti-Slavery Offices in Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent comforteth the Editors touching Mayor Smith and the Sims Brigade—He mourneth over the degeneracy of Fourth of July Orations—He giveth a Recipe for making one—He rebuketh the Rev. Mr. Miner and sympathiseth with Mayor Smith—He telleth of the woes of Dorchester—And of the Battles thereof—He narrateth the blasphemies of the Chaplain—He suggesteth purgation of the town—And hinteth at Presidential possibilities—He telleth the rumour touching Mr. Eliot's degree—He sympathiseth with Hunkerdom—And complaineth of Bad Memories, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, July 15, 1855.

I TOLD you, in my last, that there was some lurking unkindness between Dr. Smith, our Ichthyologic Mayor, and the Sims Brigade, which hindered any of them from doing escort duty on the Birthday of the Nation. You will be happy to learn that no grudge exists between that eminent magistrate and these his Strelitzes, and you may discharge your minds of any uneasiness you may feel as to any contingent discrepancy between them, which might hinder the keeping of the peace, in case another Burns should endanger it. The story, as I understand, was on this wise. The Arrangement of the Proceedings on the Fourth was referred to a Committee of the City Council. One individual, once a Webster Whig, as I think, on his own responsibility, asked one of the two Regiments into which the Sims Brigade is divided to perform the Escort, and his invitation was accepted. Now, it so happened that the Company commanded by the gallant Captain Evans, which distinguished itself, on the day of the Burns Victory, by a successful attack on one Apothecary's boy, which disabled that dangerous member of society for life, belonged to this Regiment. The majority of the Committee, dreading, perhaps, lest the superabundant energy of this heroic band might overflow in some irregular direction, refused to concur in the arrangement of their colleague, unless Captain Evans's company were excluded. This the Regiment refused to agree to, and the other Regiment, thinking its negro-catching honour at stake, also declined acting, so the committee had to go out of town for its martial protection. You will be glad to hear, however, that it was ample, and that the City Government proceeded to Church and to Dinner without molestation from their enemies. Perhaps, another year, the City Government may have virtue enough to refuse to ask any of the Sims Brigade to act on any occasion, which, as they exist only to show their gold-lace and cock's-tails and to show how widely their round-shouldered slouching ranks differ from real soldiers, would be a heavy blow and great discouragement, by cutting off one of their main chances for making fools of themselves.

It is very hard that the Fourth of July cannot be celebrated in the good old way without our negro-catching patriots being made uncomfortable by unpleasant things being said in their hearing. Perhaps you may remember that I rebuked, last year, the Rev. Mr. Stone for delivering an Anti-Slave-catching Oration before our valuable Mayor and his chief allies in his campaign against the Traitor Burns. It was extremely unpleasant and of evil ensample. Fourth of July Orations should have nothing to say about niggers. They should be kept as clear of them as a good sermon is of Morality and Religion. The *recipe* for making one is perfectly simple. Take QUANTUM *sufficit* of the Heights of Bunker Hill and the Plains of Lexington, pour in enough of the Blood of Seventy-Six to give it consistency, throw in a large double-handful of Loyalty to the Union and Constitution, season high with flapdoddle or the stuff they feed fools with, flavour to your taste (or rather to the taste of your customers) with Manifest Destiny and the Superiority of Yankees to all Creation, sprinkle with crumbs from Daniel Webster, stir all together with a branch of the Tree of Liberty or a claw of the American Eagle, and let it simmer for an hour over the Fire of Freedom (one used for roasting a negro alive is the best), and then you have it. Garnish to your liking and serve up hot. That's the sort of thing we want. But this was not at all the sort of thing the Reverend Mr. Miner gave us this year. I was not near enough to see him myself, but I was told that our beloved Mayor looked as if he should like to change places with one of the squirrels he has lately colonized, or even with one of the fishes he had formerly maligned, so he could get away from where he was. Indeed, there were those so wanting in the respect due to dignities as to say that "he looked like a fool!" But that was obviously impossible. I am sorry to say that this great magistrate did not show the energy in keeping the peace on the night before the Fourth which he had promised. It was even more obstreperously riotous than usual. Extraordinary efforts to keep the peace are only to be expected on extraordinary occasions, such as helping a slave-catcher to his negro.

I am grieved to have it to tell, moreover, that Boston was not the only town in this neighbourhood in which the Glorious Fourth was perverted from its natural and proper uses to the annoyance of Our First Men. In Dorchester, for instance, they had selected that day for the Celebration of the Settlement of the Town, or for some Anniversary or other, and secured no less eminent a son of the soil than Mr. Everett, as the Orator. Now, would you believe it possible that there could be found men (or monsters in their shape) who would print, post, publish and distribute Handbills protesting against this choice, and quoting in full poor Mr. Everett's unlucky musket and knapsack Speech, with John Randolph's remarks thereon, and picking whatever holes, besides, they might in his coat? Doubt the doctrine of Total Depravity, after this, ye who can! And not only this, but Mr. Battles, the Master of the High School, flatly refused to marshal the children on the occasion, or to take any part in the Celebration. For this contumacy, he has been hung in effigy, and is threatened with the loss of his place. It is said that, when remonstrated with and this latter alternative hinted at, he had the presumption to say that he was a man before he was a schoolmaster, and that he would not assist in what he thought wrong to save his life, not to say his place. And it is said he went to the fanatical Meeting at Framingham, instead. I can scarcely credit these shocking stories, and only tell them that, in case Mr. Battles should be made to walk Spanish, School Committees in other places may know what manner of man he is and govern themselves accordingly.

And this was by no means the worst. At the very Celebration itself, the Rev. Mr. Hall, the Minister of the First Church, stood up in the great Tent, before I don't know how many hundreds or thousands of people, and made the most shocking prayer you can conceive of. All the great ones of Dorchester were at a white heat with rage, and it was said the Orator himself showed some symptoms of emotion. It was full of the most horrible blasphemies and revolting heresies—such as that the Law of God is to be obeyed before that of Man—a dogma deserving of the Stake and utterly subversive of all Law and Order in this glorious country. It was a virtual condemnation of the Holy Compromises, which Professor Stuart and Doctor Woods had looked upon and pronounced them to be good, and which Dr. Dewey would sooner send his Mother to a plantation, with a hoe in her hand and a whip at her back, than have a tittle of them pass away. And not only of them, but of their great Apostle Daniel. Has it not been settled by the agreement of the weightiest ministers of all the great denominations, equivalent to an Œcumenical Council—Dr. Tyng, Dr. Spencer, Dr. Krebs, Dr. Bethune, Dr. Lord, Dr. Barrett, Dr. Waterbury, and a thousand more—that the Blessed Fugitive Slave Act was a Supplementary Revelation—a Complemental Gospel—repealing, as all new laws do, whatever former laws were inconsistent with itself? And now, is the settled Faith of a Community to be shaken in this audacious way? The man, further, had the insolence to intimate that we were not a Nation without spot or blemish, and that we had some things to be ashamed of and to amend! And this on the Birthday of the Nation! Are these things to be endured? No wonder that the solidest men of Dorchester grew livid at the hearing. Will they think the lustration of the town complete by the elimination of a simple schoolmaster without also expurgating it of a monster like this? Will they permit such a wolf to trouble the fountain whence the waters of life flow to them and their lambs? We should hope not—but we shall see. Between ourselves, there are those who think that Mr. Everett might even yet be persuaded to be President of the United States, if a majority of Electors should think it essential to Public Safety. I do not say whether this be so or not; but there was a carefully-written leader in the *Courier*, a day or two afterwards, which squinted horribly in that direction.

You will have seen how the Overseers of Harvard are said to have treated the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, for voting for the Compromise Measures. The story is that the Corporation sent down his name with those of the other candidates for the Degree of Doctor of Laws, and the impracticable fellows below (the same that turned Judge Loring out of his lectureship) refused to confirm the nomination. Of course, it could have been for no reason except that fatal vote, for he deserved the compliment, on general and University grounds, as much as half those that get it. Hunkerdom of all stripes has been stirred up to its depths by this demonstration—and with some reason: for it shows that there is a large class of men here, and they too coming into power gradually, who have *very bad memories!*—memories, that is to say, that *don't forget!* The *Daily Advertiser* thinks that if votes in Congress are to influence action on degrees, these will become as worthless as a Tammany Hall resolution. Are they worth any more, now? And if a man's public character and acts are not to be considered in making up his title to an Honorary Degree, what, in the name of Common Sense, *are* to be considered? This action is, I believe, perfectly unprecedented. I imagine it is the very first instance of a refusal on the part of the Overseers to confirm a Degree proposed by the Corporation. And this gives it its sting. If, indeed, it be true; for I don't vouch for it, at all. It could have crept out only through some breach of the vote of secrecy adopted on the occasion. But, as it must have been entered on the Records of both Boards, it cannot be kept permanently a secret—probably not longer than until after Commencement, which is next week. If there is anything more to tell then, you shall hear of it in my next letter.

D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: "Never rise to speak unless you have something to say," was the sage counsel of an old lawyer to his student; and, with a slight modification, the advice is equally applicable to letter writers, who should "never take pen in hand unless they have an inquiry to make, or something interesting to the reader to communicate." Such being the case, I might with propriety dispense with this epistle, since interesting events are, like many of our citizens, "out of town" at present, and even the latest news from the Crimea scarcely produces a three hours' excitement. Lassitude of body and mind, resulting from a heated atmosphere and confinement to the "precincts," is the prevailing feeling with that portion of our population which, in despite of the imperious requirements of fashion, is still to be found "at home." True, we have our Collegiate Commencements, High School and Normal School Examinations, Admissions, &c.; very interesting to the young candidates for preferment, degrees, and diplomas. Political hacks are also busy in drumming up Ward meetings and manufacturing "public opinion" of such kinds as will be likely to secure their nomination to the several posts in which they are ambitious to serve the public and display their patriotism. *Devotion to the Union* appears to be the capital stock upon which nearly all rely for success in their aspirations; and as President Pierce, in his speech at Cape May, a few days ago, expressed an undying attachment to the Union, meaning thereby servility to slavery, all who aspire to favour with him will have to be particularly sensitive upon *the* subject likely to exasperate our Southern brethren and thereby endanger the sacred compact!

Great, therefore, may be deemed the tenacity of the State Council of the *American* party, which met at Reading, some two weeks ago, to pass judgment upon the "platform" promulgated by the so-called National Council, which met in this city, and, under the influence of the Slave Power, undertook to sell the freemen of the country for office. The *State* Council had a sufficiency of "backbone" to enable them to kick out of the platform the slavery plank, which the South, with the aid of Northern doughfaces, had introduced therein, and to take a position approximating towards the independence of the seceding members from the *free* States. This action augurs that the supremacy of the Slave Power is about to be disputed. Ex-Governor Johnston is charged by the devotees of slavery with being the "impracticable" who prevented the adoption of the obnoxious sections of the *National* creed proclaimed by the party, and he should glory in the anathemas which will doubtless be showered upon him for his contumacy by the men with whom success and spoils outweigh any considerations of so humble a character as honesty, justice and humanity.

The "leaven" seems to be working, and the fermentation cannot be readily stopped. The war may yet be "carried into Africa," by a crusade against slavery, even in "Old Virginny." Stranger things have happened, hence why should we despair?

Politicians are awaking to the necessity of making *some* restriction of slavery a "*sine qua non*" in their several codes of political ethics, and we may yet hope to see the day when they will be as anxious to obtain the appellation of "Abolitionists" as they have heretofore been to absolve themselves from all suspicion of sympathy with such "traitors and fanatics."

The most exciting topic of the past week has been the trial of Jacob Schlegal for the murder of his wife, Lena Schlegal, which terminated, on Thursday last, in a verdict of acquittal by the jury, though a pervading sentiment of his guilt has fastened upon the community, which cannot readily be removed by any other means than the discovery of the fiend who *did* perpetrate the foul deed.

Much the most important consideration, however, with our citizens, is to have an answer to the query, "Since crops of every kind are reported to be universally good, when will the price of beef, butter, potatoes, and other edibles, descend from the stilts which they have used for a length of time past? Indeed, the apprehension is expressed that high prices have obtained such a firm footing that no amount of production can effect a reduction of the prevailing rates, since butter, in midsummer, with no complaint of drought as an apology, is held at three York shillings per pound. The harvest is nearly gathered, yet we find no sensible diminution in the price of flour, and yet we are told that, independent of the fillibusters who have gone to invade Mexico and Nicaragua, whom our *impartial* Administration could *not* see, and the recruits for the Crimea, which it *could*, numbers of foreigners have returned to their father-land this summer, believing that this country at present offers fewer inducements to emigrants than that which they claimed as the place of their nativity. Unless prepared to cultivate our prairies, they were threatened with starvation by remaining in our cities.

The high prices for every description of agricultural production have awakened a desire, on the part of numbers of tradesmen and mechanics, to possess a few acres of land to cultivate, without removing to a distance from the city; and no sooner is the want discovered, than forthwith many considerate gentlemen step forward with "Land Association" schemes to supply the required farms. Some of the prospectuses look marvellously like a "call to the goats to come up and be milked," and it is to be regretted that the land-seekers do not go into Maryland or Delaware and buy up cheap farms, and subdivide them for their own profit, and thereby introduce the elements of freedom with greater rapidity into those States. But it will come—the march is already begun which will not halt or stay until the work be accomplished.

A correspondent, who is a devoted admirer of Senator Douglas, writes me from Illinois, that "*Sam* is dead and past resurrection in this State, and *fusion* can avail nothing against democracy"; to which I reply, that "I would rather emigrate to Maryland than to Illinois, if such be its moral and political condition; for, in the former, the people have at least the excuse that they are constrained by circumstances to sustain the institution of slavery, having inherited it from their forefathers, and with it habits which to them render the evil a necessary one, though not desirable if it were not so interwoven into their social system as to appear almost impossible to procure a complete release from its presence and effects. Illinois hates and proscribes the coloured man from innate cruelty or gross ignorance, and sustains slavery because it lacks all true ideas of the divinity of freedom; and if all its inhabitants are such as you would have me believe a majority to be, I should say they richly deserved to be made slaves themselves to some plantation task-master, to be whipped and driven at his will. But I do not despair of Illinois, for even she cannot forever resist light and knowledge, and the efforts of the good among her citizens. Even you may yet become so far a subject of grace as to repudiate your present sentiments and become an active propagandist of freedom, instead of being the apologist and sustainer of slavery."

NEMO.

KANSAS LEGISLATURE.—This body, representing the "Squatter Sovereigns" of Missouri, assembled at Pawnee on the 2d inst. After being called to order by the Secretary of the Territory, the deliberations were opened by prayer (!!) by that eminent saint, the Rev. Thomas Johnson, Superintendent of the Southern Methodist Mission, and grand purveyor of piety for Atchison, Stringfellow & Co. The same Reverend Squatter was chosen President of the Council; and Stringfellow, editor of the *Squatter Sovereign* and brother of *the* Stringfellow, was elected Speaker of the House. The Governor's message has not yet come to hand.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, is advertised to deliver an address to the Graduates of the State Normal School, at Bridgewater, Mass., on the 8th of August next.

SYMPATHY FOR A FUGITIVE.—Many of our readers have heard of J. W. Loguen, a fugitive slave and an anti-slavery lecturer, who has resided for several years at Syracuse. Recently Mr. Wm. E. Abbott of that city received a letter from the neighbourhood of Mr. Loguen's old master, stating that it was the intention of those who claim the right of property in his soul and body to come after him, and advising him to fly for safety. A large public meeting was thereupon held in the Plymouth Church, in which Mr. Loguen made a speech, declaring his purpose to stay in Syracuse and rely upon the people for protection against the efforts of men-stealers and kidnappers. Loguen is athletic, brave, and full of the spirit which says, "Give me liberty or give me death." If his master attempts to seize him, there will doubtless be another "rescue," or something more tragic, in Syracuse.

CHILDREN'S MEETING.—By a notice in another column it will be seen that JOSEPH A. DUGDALE has invited a meeting of Children, to be held on the First of August, in the new meeting-house of the Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Chester County, Pa. A part of the day is to be devoted to social festivity in a grove. Joseph Dugdale is devotedly fond of children and knows the way to their hearts, and we are sure that, with such aid as he will receive from others, the occasion will be made one of extraordinary interest.

We take the occasion afforded by this notice to say that Mr. Dugdale, after a long and severe illness, which brought him apparently very near the grave, is now, happily, convalescent.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE—No. 582.—The leading article in this number is "England's Forgotten Worthies," from the *Westminster*. It does justice to several of the early English voyagers and discoverers, reviving many interesting and important facts illustrative of their daring and self-sacrificing spirit and the value of their labours. "Love's Provocations" is the title of a series of amusing sketches from *Hogg's Instructer*. "French Love," from *Household Words*, is a genuine picture of French character in one of its phases. Besides these, there are various short articles and several delightful poems. New York: Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway.

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS will hold its next annual meeting at Utica, commencing Sept, 11. Look out for a fresh display of priestly cunning, pharisaical cant, jesuitical evasion, and pious patching, in relation to slavery.

Summary.

LARGE STRAWBERRY PATCH.—Mr. Hammond, of Anne Arundel County, Md., has a field of strawberries, comprising one hundred acres, from which he has gathered in one day over four hundred bushels of berries. He expects to pick this season about 5,000 bushels.

It is proposed to dig a tunnel for a railroad track under the Niagara river at Black Rock, near Buffalo. Its length will be two thousand four hundred feet, descent of grade on each side seventy-five feet per mile, cost $500,000. The river is twenty feet deep at the proposed locality, and its bed of solid limestone.

A NICE QUESTION.—*Sam*—"You'll get it for hooking dat turkey last night. Mas'r knows it." *Pompey*—"I didn't hook it. Warn't de turkey mas'rs? Well, ain't I mas'rs? Well, I eat de turkey, didn't I? Well, ain't de turkey part o' me? Mas'r ain't got so much turkey, but ain't he got more nigger? I tell you de turkey only change places."

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LIQUOR LAW.—The new Liquor bill passed the House on Friday, by a vote of 213 Yeas to 50 Nays—more than four to one. It is not so stringent in some of its provisions as the "Maine" or Massachusetts law; and while it is believed that it will be equally efficacious in the suppression of intemperance, it will be less difficult to enforce it.—*Dover Enquirer*.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S SNUFF-BOX.—We had the opportunity of seeing Gen. George Washington's "Snuff-Box," which was presented to him by some of the English nobles, as a token of their love and respect for him as a great and good man. It is one of the queerest contrivances that we have ever beheld. It is said that very large sums of money have been offered for it since Washington's death; but it was impossible to purchase it at any price.—*Bellsville (Ill.) Advocate, July 4.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Monday afternoon, 16th inst., as the workmen engaged in the erection of the bridge over Ridley's Creek, on the Westchester and Philadelphia Railroad, were about commencing work, the temporary framing gave way, and, falling, carried away the entire superstructure. Five workmen employed on the upper chord and the foreman, and two workmen in the lower chord, perceiving something giving way, sprang for the nearest pier, a distance of fifteen feet. Three escaped uninjured, three were killed, and two are so badly hurt as to leave no hopes of their recovery. The names of the killed are Dixon Dotey, James Russell, and Joseph Stille. Mortally wounded, Joseph Stearns and Theodore Zeason.

On Friday of last week, an innocent girl was brutally ravished in a store in Maiden lane, New York, where she had gone on an errand for her employers. New York papers, from which the above is derived, also state, without further comment, that the details are unfit for publication. Now, we do not think it will hurt the public to know what the virtuous papers of New York would rather suppress, viz.: that the store was a liquor store, that the act was committed by three different men who went there to drink, and that their helpless victim was held by the bar-keeper during the time, he having first fastened the door! It is not long since we saw the rum power characterized as "twisting, cavilling, lying and cheating, withholding facts and garbling statements." Do these terms require qualification?—*Boston Telegraph.*

JEFFERSON PARTAKING OF THE COMMUNION.—A writer in Hackensack, N. J., says a minister who was born and spent the greater portion of his life in Virginia told him that Thomas Jefferson, in his old age, when he had quietly retired to Monticello, visited on Sabbath a country church. It happened to be Communion on that day, and an invitation being given to all who sincerely repented of their sins, and exercised faith in Christ, to partake with the Church in that ordinance, Mr. Jefferson availed himself of the occasion, and went forward and partook of the Communion. This fact was related to him by the Methodist Episcopal minister who administered the ordinance, and can now be substantiated by some of the people in the neighbourhood of Monticello, and members of that church.

FAMINE IN MADAWASKA.—A letter from the Rev. M. R. Kefp, a home missionary in Madawaska, writes to the Portland *Mirror*, under date of June 24, that the people in that portion of Maine are and have been for some months in a state of starvation. He states that probably 500 families, with an average of eight children each, have gone without bread from one to eight weeks at a time this Spring. They keep alive now on greens, a few fish and frogs, and it is said they have eaten snakes. One or two cases of starvation are said to have occurred before the Spring opened. Fish and game of all kinds are scarce around the older settlements, and many of the men are too much famished and disheartened to take to the woods and lakes. The greatest relief looked for was the raspberry harvest, and about the 1st of July raspberries and blackberries were inexhaustible.

A SLAVE RELEASED BY THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES IN JAMAICA.—Intelligence has been received at Baltimore that the cook of the Young America, a Baltimore vessel, has been released at Savannah la Mar, in the island of Jamaica, by the negroes, while the authorities coolly looked on and countenanced the act. Another account says that the slave had shipped under an assumed name, and with a borrowed free paper; that the captain tried to conceal him, but the blacks bore him off in triumph.

When he reached the shore, a magistrate asked him if he were free, or a slave, to which he replied, "I am a slave." "Then," replied the magistrate, "in the name of Her Majesty, the Queen, I now declare that you are free and at liberty, having landed on British soil." The decision was fully confirmed on the next day.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—We learn that the cable for the submarine telegraph to connect the Island of Newfoundland with this continent was shipped from London on the 28th ult., and may be expected soon to arrive at its destination. Mr. Canning, the engineer who will superintend the laying of the Mediterranean cable, was to sail for America on the 6th inst., to oversee the execution of the new enterprise. Mr. Cyrus Field, by whom the Transatlantic arrangements of the Company were made, is also about to depart from this City for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to be present when the cable is laid down there. The line across Newfoundland to St. Johns is in a state of great forwardness, some 650 men being employed in pushing it to completion with all possible rapidity. We confidently anticipate that within the next six weeks this important portion of the telegraphic line between Europe and America will be completed and in working order.

IT CAN'T BE ENFORCED.—Some three or four months since, the *State of Maine* newspaper said, in substance, that there was more rum sold and more drunkenness in this city under the Maine Law than there was twenty years ago. Within a few days past it admits its correspondent Medicus, to ask the question, "Where can we get alcohol?" and says to him, in reply, "the only course we can suggest to Medicus is to send to Boston for his alcohol, and run the risk of having it seized on the way." Another issue of the same paper intimates pretty clearly that liquors are rather scarce here, and insinuates that the Mayor has "generously permitted" certain express men to carry vessels of liquors to gentlemen's houses, but nowhere else. Which statement is true, that of last winter, or this of more recent date? We incline to the opinion that, before the close of this year, all such croaking as this, "the law don't do any good," or "it can't be enforced," will come to an end.—*Maine Temperance Journal.*

SIX PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.—A most horrible calamity occurred in the town of Brant, in Erie County, on Sunday morning last, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock. James Thompson, a farmer, was awakened by an alarm of fire, and discovered his house to be in flames, having been fired by an incendiary in three places.

Mr. Thompson, who is an aged gentleman, rushed up stairs immediately on discovering what was the matter, to alarm his daughters, when, becoming overpowered by the smoke, he was unable to return, and himself, his three daughters, Julia, Mary and Mrs. Elizabeth Carr, with the two little children of the latter, perished in the flames. The ages of the unfortunate ladies ranged 18 to 24 years.

The rest of the inmates of the house, twelve in number, escaped with much difficulty. There is not the slightest doubt whatever of the fire being the work of an incendiary. The most intense excitement prevails in regard to the affair.

O for a man-
O for a man-
O for a man
sion in the skies.—*Camp Meeting Refrain.*

The great want for purposes of political interest just now is the want of a man or two.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Since old Diogenes stumbled about with his lantern, there has not been a more piteous quest than this. The slavery-extension, Fugitive Slave law party begin to feel the need of a man or two. Men are wanted for the boohoo business—safer than soldiering in the Crimea, and just a little pleasanter than guano digging—and we hope the recruits will at once step up to the Captain's office and enroll. And although the advertisement is explicitly headed "*men* wanted," yet we hope nobody will interpret the caption literally. Anybody bearing the human form will be accepted, and no questions asked about honour, manliness, humanity or generosity. Here is an opening for gentlemen of the Burns Brigade, who really seem of late to be quite out of business.—*Boston Atlas.*

DEATH OF A CONVICT IN THE INDIANA PENITENTIARY AT JEFFERSONVILLE.—A man, seventy-three years of age, died on Friday night last, of an affection of the heart—having performed on the day previous to his death his allotted task in apparent good health. He leaves a property valued at $100,000, and was incarcerated for the period of two years for the crime of forgery to the amount of $25! The old chap was miserly in the extreme, denying to himself the smallest luxury beyond the prison fare of bread and water and beef's-head broth. Many anecdotes are related of this old scamp, which go to mark him as one of the oddities of his species. At the time of his arrest for the alleged forgery he was tendered counsel, who pledged themselves to clear him of the charge for a fee of $500. To this the old man replied that "if convicted, the sentence would only be for two years, and he didn't think he could make his expenses and $250 a year out of the Penitentiary, and it would cost him nothing to live there, and he would save that much any how!"

AN INCIDENT.—A correspondent informs us of an incident which occurred at the Congregational church in Westminster, in this State, last Sabbath. The clergyman, an aged minister, was preaching from the text—"I speak unto wise men; understand ye what I say." He advanced as far as "thirdly," when he observed that many of his hearers, overcome by the heat of the day, had fallen asleep. Stopping in his discourse, and wiping the perspiration from his furrowed brow, he exclaimed:

"My friends, as the day is sultry and oppressive, I will stop a while, and request the choir, in the meantime, to sing the tune of 'Coronation,' commencing, 'My droway powers, why sleep ye so?'"

The effect was electrical, bringing the audience to their feet. They remained standing, while the sublime chorus, from the combined voices of the choir and congregation, soon filled the house, and effectually destroyed the disposition to sleep. The preacher resumed his discourse at "thirdly."—*Lynn News.*

ATCHISON AND THE SLAVERY AGITATION.—There is no denying the fact that Atchison urged his friends in the border counties in this State to get up the Slavery excitement in Kansas, and keep it up, regarding it as the only means by which he could secure a re-election to the U. S. Senate, and now, since the election is over in Kansas, and the excitement in a measure dying away, a new plan is fixed upon to keep up the excitement in this State, and for the purpose mentioned. Meetings are gotten up, in different portions of the State, for the purpose of instructing the members of the Legislature to vote for Atchison's re-election to the Senate. The first of these meetings is to take place shortly in Platte County. The object of these meetings is very apparent. Whigs are to be caught, and brought to the support of Atchison. Some nullification Whigs are now put forward as advocates of Atchison's claims, and their conduct applauded by the nullifiers. But as a general thing the Whigs repudiate the issue which the nullifiers would force upon them, and prefer to stand by their own champion.—*Jefferson Enquirer, June 30.*

SLAVE-CATCHING DON'T PAY.—The Petersburg, (Va.) *Intelligencer* says:

"After all, it may be asked if, in point of fact, looking at the case substantially, the Fugitive Slave law was executed in the case of Burns? The owner of Burns had a right, under the Constitution and laws, not only to demand the restoration, but the peaceable restoration of his slave. Now, we happen to know that it cost the owner of Burns several hundred dollars more than the latter would have been sold for in the market. The owner of Burns is as respectable a gentleman as lives in Virginia. We have been intimately acquainted with him for years past, and received from his own lips, not very long since, a minute account of his Boston adventure, and if, in his case, it was a *bona fide* execution of the Fugitive Slave law, then we undertake to say it was such an execution as the framers of the Constitution who authorized such a law and the Congress which passed it never dreamed of. Under the Massachusetts style of doing business, it is a law without a sanction, and, except for the mere principle which it asserts, it is not worth a copper to the South."

A POINT OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.—The *Tribune*, in a recent article, says: "The great bulk of the slaveholders of that day, with a feeling natural enough to men who live upon the forced labour of others, were very little inclined to pay either their own private debts or those of the nation. The treaty with Great Britain provided for the collection of a great mass of private debts due from the slaveholders to their English correspondents—debts contracted before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, which war, it has been said, was not a little recommended to some of the Southern planters by the idea of thus, at the risk and cost of the nation, drawing a sponge over their private accounts. The unexpected resurrection of these old debts by the treaty of peace was so disagreeable to these indebted Southern slave-drivers that, to avoid being hunted by their British creditors, they were willing, with that characteristic disregard of obligations of which the Kansas-Nebraska bill furnishes a recent specimen, to set aside the treaty of peace altogether, so far as it imposed any obligations upon them, though, at the same time, with characteristic one-sidedness, they called most vociferously upon Great Britain to fulfil her part of it by surrendering the North-western posts!"

THE DEVIL RIGHT FOR ONCE.—The New York correspondent of the *Congregationalist* writes: Dr. H. who is pastor of an Orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak" whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that "an opportunity would now be afforded for any brother to offer an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue, with an account of a previous controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. "My friends," said he, "the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silence; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way; and now that I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed the tedious harang

Miscellaneous Department.

From The Independent.

SUMMER STUDIES.

To a friend who complained that he could not study in June.

WHY shouldst thou study in the month of June
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the Great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

There is a brighter book unrolling now;
Fair are its leaves as is the tree of heaven,
All veined, and dewed, and gemmed with wondrous signs,
To which a healing, mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call,
From the fair hill-top, from the waterfall;
Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee,
And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

Now is that glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's buried beauties have new birth,
Behold the yearly miracle complete,
God hath created a new heaven and earth!

No tree that wants his joyful garments now,
No flower but hastes his bravery to don;
God bids thee to this marriage feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

All fringed with festal gold the barberry stands,
The ferns exultant clap their new-made wings,
The hemlock nestles broideries of fresh green,
And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

The long, light fingers of the old white pines
Do beckon thee into the flickering wood,
Where moving spots of light show mystic flowers,
And wavering music fills the dreamy hours.

Hast thou no *time* for all this wondrous show—
No thought to spare? Wilt thou forever be
With the last year's dry flower-stalk and dead leaves,
And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the pines push off their last year's leaves,
And stretch beyond them with exultant bound;
The grass and flowers with living power o'ergrow
Their last year's remnants on the greening ground.

Wilt thou then all thy wintry feelings keep,
The old dead routine of thy book-writ lore,
Nor deem that God can teach by one bright hour
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky;
Ah! breathe that life-born languor from thy breast,
And know once more a child's unreasoning joy.

Cease, cease to *think*, and be content *to be;*
Swing safe at anchor in fair Nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the birds, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud; wave with the dreaming pine,
And float with Nature all the live-long day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee, if restful still
Thou rightly studiest in the summer hour;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest shall gather power.

And when the Summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm the sight,
The treasured riches of these thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and bright.

Andover, June 22. H. B. S.

SPEECH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

AT a meeting of the Administrative Reform Association, held at Drury-lane, London, on the 27th ult., a speech, full of vivacity and wit, as well as sound argument, was made by DICKENS, which is thus reported in *The* (London) *Times:*

Mr. C. DICKENS (who was most warmly received) then addressed the meeting, and said: I cannot, I am sure, better express my sense of the kind reception accorded to me by this great assembly than by promising to compress what I shall address to you within the closest possible limits. It is more than 1,800 years ago since there was a set of men who thought they should be heard of for their "much speaking." As they have propagated exceedingly since that time, and as I observe that they flourish just now to a surprising extent about Westminster (laughter), I will do my best to avoid adding to the numbers of that prolific race ("hear, hear," and laughter).

The noble lord at the head of the Government, when he wondered, in Parliament, about a week ago, that my friend Mr. Layard did not blush for having stated in this place what the whole country knows perfectly well to be true, and what no men in it can by possibility better know to be true than those disinterested supporters of that noble lord who had the advantage of hearing him and cheering him, night after night, when he first became Premier—I mean that he did officially and habitually joke at a time when this country was plunged in deep disgrace and distress—I say that noble lord, when he wondered so much that the man of this age, who has, by his earnest and adventurous spirit, done the most to distinguish himself and it, did not blush for the tremendous audacity of having so come between the wind and his nobility, turned an airy period with reference to the private theatricals at Drury-lane Theatre.

Now, I have some slight acquaintance with theatricals, private and public, and I will accept that figure of the noble lord. I will not say that, if I wanted to form a company of Her Majesty's servants, I think I should know where to lay my hands on "the comic old gentleman" (roars of laughter); nor that, if I wanted to get up a pantomime, I fancy I should know what establishment to go to for "the tricks and changes" (renewed laughter); also, for a very considerable host of "supernumeraries," to trip one another up in that contention with which many of us are familiar, both on these and on other boards, in which the principal objects thrown about are loaves and fishes ("hear," and laughter).

But I will try to give the noble lord the reason for these private theatricals, and the reason why, however ardently he may desire to ring the curtain down upon them, there is not the faintest present hope of their coming to a conclusion. It is this: The public theatricals, which the noble lord is so condescending as to manage, are so intolerably bad, the machinery is so cumbrous, the parts so ill-distributed, the company so full of "walking gentlemen" (laughter), the managers have such large families, and are so bent upon putting those families into what is theatrically called "first business"—not because of their aptitude for it, but because they are their families—that we find ourselves obliged to organize an opposition (cheers).

We have seen the *Comedy of Errors* played so dismally like a tragedy that we really cannot bear it. We are, therefore, making bold to get up the *School of Reform*, and we hope before the play is out to improve that noble lord by our performance very considerably ("hear, hear," and laughter). If he object that we have no right to improve him without his license, we venture to claim that right in virtue of his orchestra, consisting of a very powerful piper whom we always pay (laughter). Sir, as this is the first political meeting I have ever attended (hear), and as my trade and calling is not associated with politics, perhaps it may be useful for me to show how I came to be here, because reasons similar to those which have influenced me may still be trembling in the balance in the minds of others.

I want at all times in full sincerity to do my duty by my countrymen. If I feel an attachment towards them, there is nothing disinterested or meritorious in that, for I can never too affectionately remember the confidence and friendship they have long reposed in me (cheers). My sphere of action, which I shall never change, I shall never overstep further than this, or for a longer period than I do to-night. By literature I have lived, and through literature I have been content to serve my country; and I am perfectly well aware that I cannot serve two masters. In my sphere of action I have tried to understand the heavier social grievances and to help to set them right (cheers).

When the *Times* newspaper proved its then almost incredible case in reference to the ghastly absurdity of that vast labyrinth of misplaced men and misdirected things which had made England unable to find on the face of the earth an enemy one-twentieth part so potent to effect the misery and ruin of her noble defenders as she has been herself, I believe that the gloomy silence into which the country fell was by far the darkest aspect in which a great people had been exhibited for many years (cheers).

With shame and indignation lowering among all classes of society, and this new element of discord piled on the heaving basis of ignorance, poverty and crime—which is always below us—with little adequate expression of the general mind or apparent understanding of the general mind in Parliament, with the machinery of the government and the legislature going round and round, and the people falling from it and standing aloof, as if they left it to its last remaining function—of destroying itself—when it had achieved that, the destruction of so much that was dear to them, I did and do believe that the only wholesome turn affairs so menacing could possibly take was the awaking of the people, the outspeaking of the people, the uniting of the people in all patriotism and loyalty to effect a great peaceful constitutional change in the administration of their own affairs (cheers).

At such a crisis this association arose; at such a crisis I joined it, considering its further case to be—if further case could possibly be needed—that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," that men should be gregarious in good citizenship as well as in other things, and that it is a law in nature that there must be a centre of attraction for particles to fly to before any serviceable body with recognised functions can come into existence. This association has arisen, and we belong to it. What are the objections to it? I have heard in the main but three, which I will now briefly notice. It is said that it is proposed by this association to exercise an influence, through the constituencies, on the House of Commons.

I have not the least hesitation in saying that I have the smallest amount of faith in the House of Commons at present existing (hear, hear), and that I consider the exercise of such influence highly necessary to the welfare and honour of this country (cheers). I was reading, no later than yesterday, the book of Mr. Pepys, which is rather a favourite of mine, in which he, 200 years ago, writing of the House of Commons, says:

"My cousin Roger Pepys tells me that it is matter of the greatest grief to him in the world that he should be put upon this trust of being a Parliament man, because he says nothing is done that he can see out of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design."

Now, has it come to pass that, after 200 years, and many years after a Reform bill, the House of Commons is so little changed, I will not stop to inquire. I will not ask how it happens that bills which cramp and worry the people and restrict their scant enjoyments are so easily passed (cheers), and how it happens that measures for their real interests are so very difficult to be got through Parliament (cheers). I will not analyze the confined air of the lobby, or reduce to their primitive bases the elements of those statements which were made by honourable gentlemen who were once the candidates for your and my independent vote and interest. I will not ask what is that Secretarian figure, full of blandishments, standing on the threshold, with its finger on its lips.

I will not ask how it comes that those personal altercations, involving all the removes and definitions of Shakspeare's Touchstone—the retort courteous—the quip modest—the reply churlish—the reproof valiant—the counterchecck quarrelsome—the lie circumstantial and the lie direct—are of immeasurably greater interest in the House of Commons than the health, the taxation and the education of the whole people (cheers). I will not penetrate into the mysteries of that secret chamber in which the Bluebeard of the party keeps his strangled public questions, and with regard to which, when he gives the key to his wife—the new comer—he strictly charges her on no account to open the door (laughter).

I will merely put it to the experience of everybody here, whether the House of Commons is not occasionally a little hard of hearing, a little dim of sight, a little slow of understanding, and whether, in short, it is not in a sufficiently invalided state to require close watching and an occasional application of sharp stimulants; and whether it is not capable of considerable improvement? (Cheers.) I believe that, in order to preserve it in a state of real usefulness and independence, the people must be very watchful and very jealous of it, and it must have its memory jogged and be kept awake when it happens to have taken too much of the Ministerial narcotic—it must be trotted about, and must be hustled and pinched in that friendly way, as is the usage in such cases (laughter).

I hold that no power can deprive us of the right to administer our functions as a body comprising electors from all parts of the country, associated together because their country is dearer to them than drowsy traddle, unmeaning routine or worn-out conventionalities (cheers). This brings me to objection number two. It is stated that this association sets class against class. Is this so? (Cries of "No.") No, it rather finds class set against class, and seeks to reconcile them. I wish to avoid placing in opposition those two words "the aristocracy" and "the people." I am one who can believe in the virtues and uses of both, and would not, on any acount, deprive either of a single just right belonging to it (cheers). I will use, instead of these words, the terms "the governors" and "the governed." These two bodies the association finds with a gulf between them in which are lying, newly-buried, thousands on thousands of the bravest and most devoted men that even England ever bred (cheers).

It is to prevent the recurrence of innumerable smaller evils of which that calamity was the crowning height and the necessary consummation, and to bring together those two fronts looking now so strangely at each other, that this association seeks to help to bridge over that abyss with a structure founded on common justice and supported by common sense (cheers). "Setting class against class!" That is the very parrot prattle that we have so long heard. Try its justice by the following example: A respectable gentleman had a large establishment and a great number of servants who were good for nothing—who, when he asked them to give his children breed, gave them stones—who, when they were told to give fish, gave serpents—who, when they were ordered to send to the East, sent to the West—who, when they ought to have been serving dinner in the North, were consulting exploded cookery books in the South—who wasted, destroyed, tumbled over each other, and were bringing everything to ruin; when at last the respectable gentleman calls his house-steward and says, even then more in sorrow than in anger, "This is a terrible business; no fortune can stand it—no mortal equanimity can bear it. I must change my system; I must obtain servants who will do their duty." The house-steward throws up his eyes in pious horror, and says, "Good God, master, you are setting class against class!" and then rushes off into the servants' hall and delivers a long and melting oration on that wicked feeling (laughter). I now come to the third objection, which is common among young gentlemen who are not particularly fit for anything but spending money which they have not got (laughter). Their objection is usually comprised in the observation, "How very extraordinary it is that these Administrative Reform fellows can't mind their own business." I think it will occur to all that a very sufficient mode of disposing of this objection is to say that it is our own business we mind when we come forward in this way, and it is to prevent it from being mismanaged by them (hear).

I observe from the Parliamentary debates—which have of late, by the way, frequently suggested to me that there is this difference between the bull of Spain and the bull of Nineveh, that, whereas, in the Spanish case, the bull rushes at the scarlet, in the Ninevite case, the scarlet rushes at the bull (laughter and cheers)—I have observed from the Parliamentary debates that, by a curious fatality, there has been a great deal of the reproof valiant and the countercheck quarrelsome in reference to every case showing the necessity of Administrative reform, and by whomsoever produced, whensoever and wheresoever (cheers). I dare say I should have no difficulty in adding two or three cases to the list, which I know to be true, and which, I have no doubt, will be contradicted (laughter and cheers).

I should have no difficulty in adding two or three cases to the list, but I consider it a work of supererogation; for if the people at large be not already convinced that a sufficient general case has been made out for Administrative reform, I think they never can be and never will be (cheers). There is, however, an old indisputable, very well known story, which has so pointed a moral at the end of it that I will substitute it for a new case, by doing which I may avoid, I hope, the sacred wrath of St. Stephen's (laughter).

Ages ago, a savage mode of keeping accounts on notched sticks was introduced into the Court of Exchequer, and the accounts were kept much as Robinson Crusoe kept his calendar on the desert island (laughter). In the course of considerable revolutions of time, the celebrated Cocker was born, and died (laughter). Walkinghame, of the Tutor's Assistant, well versed in figures, was also born, and died—a multitude of accountants, bookkeepers and actuaries were born and died. Still, official routine inclined to these notched sticks, as if they were the pillars of the Constitution, and still the Exchequer accounts continued to be kept on certain splints of elm-wood called "tallies" ("hear," and laughter). In the reign of George III. an inquiry was made by some revolutionary spirit whether, pens, ink and paper, and slates and pencils being in existence, this obstinate adherence to an obsolete custom ought to be continued, and whether a change ought not to be effected. All the red tape in the country grew redder at the bare mention of this bold and original conception, and it took till 1826 to get these sticks abolished (laughter). In 1834 it was found that there was a considerable accumulation of them, and the question then arose, what was to be done with such worn-out, worm-eaten, rotten old bits of wood? I dare say there was a vast amount of minuting, memorandaming and despatch-boxing on this mighty subject. The sticks were housed at Westminster, and it would naturally occur to any intelligent person that nothing could be easier than to allow them to be carried away for firewood by the miserable people who live in that neighbourhood. However, they never had been useful, and official routine required that they never should be, and so the order went forth that they were to be privately and confidentially burnt (laughter and cheers). It came to pass that they were burnt in a stove in the House of Lords. The stove, overgorged with these preposterous sticks, set fire to the panelling; the panelling set fire to the House of Lords; the House of Lords set fire to the House of Commons; the two houses were reduced to ashes; architects were called in to build others; we are now in the second million of the cost thereof; the national pig is not nearly over the stile yet, and the little old woman, Britannia, hasn't got home to-night (loud laughter and cheers).

Now, I think we may reasonably remark, in conclusion, that that all-obstinate adherence to rubbish which the time has long outlived is certain to have in the soul of it more or less that is pernicious and destructive, and that will some day set fire to something or other, which if given boldly to the winds would have been harmless, but which obstinately retained is ruinous (cheers). I believe myself that when Administrative reform goes up, it will be idle to hope to put it down in this or that particular instance. The great, broad and true cause that our public progress is far behind our private progress, and that we are not remarkable for our private wisdom and success in matters of business than we are for our public folly and failure, I take it to be as clearly established as the sun, moon and stars.

To set this right, and to clear the way in the country for merit everywhere, accepting it equally whether it be aristocratic or democratic, only asking whether it be honest or true, is, I take it, the true object of this association (cheers). This object it seeks to promote by uniting together large numbers of the people, I hope, of all conditions, to the end that they may better comprehend, bear in mind, understand themselves and impress upon others the common public duty. Also, of which there is great need, that of keeping a vigilant eye on the skirmishers thrown out from time to time by the generals of party, that they may see that their feints and manœuvres do not oppress the small defaulters and release the great, and that they do not gull the public with a field-day review of reform, instead of an earnest, hard-fought battle (loud cheers).

I have had no consultation with any one upon the subject, but I particularly wish that the directors may devise some means of enabling intelligent working men to join this body on easier terms than subscribers who have larger resources (cheers). I could wish to see great numbers of them belong to us, because I sincerely believe that it would be good for the common weal. Said the noble lord at the head of the Government, when Mr. Layard asked him for a day for his motion, "Let the honourable gentleman find a day for himself" ("shame, shame").

> "Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
> Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed
> That he is grown so great"

(loud cheers). If our Cæsar will excuse me, I would take the liberty of reversing that cool and lofty sentiment, and I would say, "First Lord, your duty it is to see that no man is left to find a day for himself" (cheers).

See you, who take the responsibility of government, who aspire to it, live for it, intrigue for it, scramble for it, who hold to it tooth and nail when you can get it, see you that no man is left to find a day for himself (loud cheers). In this old country, with its seething, hard-worked millions, its heavy taxes, its swarms of ignorant, its crowds of poor, and its crowd of wicked, woe the day when the dangerous man shall find a day for himself, because the head of the Government failed in his duty in not anticipating it by a brighter and a better one (great cheering). Name you the day, First Lord; make a day, work for a day beyond your little time, Lord Palmerston, and history in return may then—not otherwise—find a day for you; a day equally associated with the contentment of the loyal, patient, willing-hearted English people and with the happiness of your Royal Mistress and her fair line of children (loud and protracted cheering).

SMUGGLED RELATIONS.

WHEN I was a child, I remember to have had my ears boxed for informing a lady-visitor who made a morning call at our house, that a certain ornamental object on the table, which was covered with marble-paper, "was n't marble." Years of reflection upon this injury have fully satisfied me that the honest object in question never imposed upon anybody; further, that my honoured parents, though both of a sanguine temperament, never can have conceived it possible that it might, could, should, would, or did, impose upon anybody. Yet, I have no doubt that I had my ears boxed for violating a tacit compact in the family and among the family visitors, to blink the stubborn fact of the marbled paper, and agree upon a fiction of real marble.

Long after this, when my ears had been past boxing for a quarter of a century, I knew a man with a cork leg. That he had a cork leg—or, at all events, that he was at immense pains to take about with him a leg which was not his own leg, or a real leg—was so plain and obvious a circumstance, that the whole universe might have made affidavit of it. Still, it was always understood that this cork leg was to be regarded as a leg of flesh and blood, and even that the very subject of cork in the abstract was to be avoided in the wearers society.

I have had my share of going about the world; wherever I have been, I have found the marbled paper and the cork leg. I have found them in many forms, but, of all their Protean shapes, at once the commonest and strangest has been—Smuggled Relations.

I was on intimate terms for many, many years, with my late lamented friend, Cogsford, of the great Greek house of Cogsford Brothers and Cogsford. I was his executor. I believe he had no secrets from me but one—his mother. That the agreeable old lady who kept his house for him *was* his mother, must be his mother, could n't possibly be anybody but his mother, was evident: not to me alone, but to everybody who knew him. She was not a refugee, she was not proscribed, she was not in hiding, there was no price put upon her venerable head; she was invariably liked and respected as a good-humoured, sensible, cheerful old soul. Then why did Cogsford smuggle his mother all the days of his life? I have not the slightest idea why. I cannot so much as say whether she had ever contracted a second marriage, and her name was really Mrs. Bean: or whether that name was bestowed upon her as a part of the smuggling transaction. I only know that there she used to sit at one end of the hospitable table, the living image in a cap of Cogsford at the other end, and that Cogsford knew that I knew who she was. Yet, if I had been a Custom-house officer at Folkestone, and Mrs. Bean a French clock that Cogsford was furtively bringing from Paris in a hat-box, he could not have made her the subject of a more determined and deliberate pretence. It was prolonged for years upon years. It survived the good old lady herself. One day I received an agitated note from Cogsford, entreating me to go to him immediately; I went, and found him weeping, and in the greatest affliction. "My dear friend," said he, pressing my hand, "I have lost Mrs. Bean. She is no more." I went to the funeral with him. He was in the deepest grief. He spoke of Mrs. Bean, on the way back, as the best of women. But, even then he never hinted that Mrs. Bean was his mother; and the first and last acknowledgment of the fact that I ever had from him was in his last will, wherein he entreated "his said dear friend and executor" to observe that he requested to be buried beside his mother—whom he did n't even name, he was so perfectly confident that I had detected Mrs. Bean.

I was once acquainted with another man who smuggled a brother. This contraband relative made mysterious appearances and disappearances, and knew strange things. He was called John—simply John. I have got into a habit of believing that he must have been under a penalty to forfeit some weekly allowance if he ever claimed a surname. He came to light in this way; I wanted some information respecting the remotest of the Himalaya range of mountains, and I applied to my friend Benting (a member of the Geographical Society, and learned on such points) to advise me. After some consideration, Benting said, in a half reluctant and constrained way, very unlike his usual frank manner, that he "thought he knew a man" who could tell me, of his own experience, what I wanted to learn. An appointment was made for a certain evening at Benting's house. I arrived first, and had not observed for more than five minutes that Benting was under a curious cloud, when his servant announced—in a hushed, and I may say unearthly manner—"Mr. John." A rather stiff and shabby person appeared, who called Benting by no name whatever (a singularity that I always observed whenever I saw them together afterwards), and whose manner was curiously divided between familiarity and distance. I found this man to have been all over the Indies, and to possess an extraordinary fund of traveller's experience. It came from him drily at first; but he warmed, and it flowed freely until he happened to meet Benting's eye. Then, he subsided again, and (it appeared to me), felt himself, for some unknown reason, in danger of losing that weekly allowance. This happened a dozen of times in a couple of hours, and not the least curious part of the matter was, that Benting himself was always as much disconcerted as the other man. It did not occur to me that night, that this was Benting's brother, for I had known him very well for years, and had always understood him to have none. Neither can I now recall, nor, if I could, would it matter, by what degrees and stages I arrived at the knowledge. However this may be, I knew it. But, we always preserved the fiction that I could have no suspicion that there was any sort of kindred or affinity between them. He went to Mexico, this John—and he went to Australia—and he went to China—and he died somewhere in Persia—and one day, when we went down to dinner at Benting's I would find him in the dining-room, already seated (as if he had just been counting the allowance on the table-cloth), and another day I would hear of him as being among scarlet parrots in the tropics; but, I never knew whether he had ever done anything wrong, or whether he had ever done anything right, or why he went about the world, or how. As I have already signified, I get into habits of believing; and I have got into a habit of believing that Mr. John had something to do with the dip of the magnetic needle—he is all vague and shadowy to me, however, and I only know him for certain to have been a smuggled relation.

Other people, again, put these contraband commodities entirely away from the light, as smugglers of wine and brandy bury tubs. I have heard of a man who never imparted, to his intimate friend, the terrific secret that he had a relation in the world, except when he lost one by death; and then he would be weighed down by the greatness of the calamity, and would refer to his bereavement as if he had lost the very shadow of himself, from whom he had never been separated since the days of infancy. Within my own experience, I have observed smuggled relations to possess a wonderful quality of coming out when they die. My own dear Tom, who married my fourth sister, and who is a great Smuggler, never fails to speak to me of one of his relations newly deceased, as though, instead of never having in the remotest way alluded to that relative's existence before, he had been perpetually discoursing of it. "My poor, dear, darling Emmy," he said to me, within these six months, "she is gone—I have lost her." Never until that moment had Tom breathed one syllable to me of the existence of any Emmy whomsoever on the face of this earth, in whom he had the smallest interest. He had scarcely allowed me to understand, very distantly and generally, that he had some relations—"people," he called them—down in Yorkshire. "My own dear, darling Emmy," says Tom, notwithstanding, "she has left me for a better world." (Tom must have left her for his own world, at least fifteen years.) I repeated, feeling my way, "Emmy, Tom?" "My favourite niece," said Tom, in a reproachful tone; "Emmy you know. I was her godfather, you remember. Darling, fair-haired Emmy! Precious, blue-eyed child!" Tom burst into tears, and we both understood that henceforth the fiction was established between us that I had been quite familiar with Emmy by reputation, through a series of years.

Occasionally, smuggled relations are discovered by accident: just as those tubs may be, to which I have referred. My other half—I mean, of course, my wife—once discovered a large cargo in this way, which had been long concealed. In the next street to us, lived an acquaintance of ours, who was a Commissioner of something or other, and kept a handsome establishment. We used to exchange dinners, and I have frequently heard him at his own table mention his father as a "poor dear good old boy," who had been dead for any indefinite period. He was rather fond of telling anecdotes of his very early days, and from them it appeared that he had been an only child. One summer afternoon, my other half, walking in our immediate neighbourhood, happened to perceive Mrs. Commissioner's last year's bonnet (to every inch of which, it is unnecessary to add, she could have sworn), going along before her on somebody else's head. Having heard generally of the swell mob, my good lady's first impression was, that the wearer of this bonnet belonged to that fraternity, had just abstracted the bonnet from its place of repose, was in every sense of the term walking off with it, and ought to be given into the custody of the nearest policeman. Fortunately, however, my Susannah, who is not distinguished by closeness of reasoning or presence of mind, reflected, as it were by a flash of inspiration, that the bonnet might have been given away. Curious to see to whom, she quickened her steps, and descried beneath it, an ancient lady of an iron-bound presence, in whom (for my Susannah has an eye) she instantly recognised the lineaments of the Commissioner! Eagerly pursuing this discovery, she, that very afternoon, tracked down an ancient gentleman in one of the Commissioner's hats. Next day she came upon the trail of four stony maidens, decorated with artificial flowers out of the Commissioner's epergue; and thus we dug up the Commissioner's father and mother and four sisters, who had been for some years secreted in lodgings round the corner and never entered the Commissioner's house save in the dawn of morning and the shades of evening. From that time forth, whenever my Susannah made a call at the Commissioner's, she always listened on the doorstep for any slight preliminary scuffling in the hall, and, hearing it, was delighted to remark, "The family are here, and they are hiding them!"

I have never been personally acquainted with any gentleman who kept his mother-in-law in the kitchen, in the useful capacity of Cook; but I have heard of such a case on good authority. I once lodged in the house of a genteel lady claiming to be a widow, who had four pretty children, and might be occasionally overheard coercing an obscure man in a sleeved waistcoat, who appeared to be confined in some Pit below the foundations of the house, where he was condemned to be always cleaning knives. One day, the smallest of the children crept into my room, said, pointing downward with a little chubby finger, "Don't tell! It's Pa!" and vanished on tiptoe.

One other branch of the smuggling trade demands a word of mention before I conclude. My friend of friends in my bachelor days, became the friend of the house when I got married. He is our Amelia's godfather; Amelia being the eldest of our cherubs. Through upwards of ten years he was backwards and forwards at our house three or four times a week, and always found his knife and fork ready for him. What was my astonishment on coming home one day to find Susannah sunk upon the oil-cloth in the hall, holding her brow with both hands, and meeting my gaze, when I admitted myself with my latch-key, in a distracted manner! "Susannah," I exclaimed, "what has happened?" She merely ejaculated, "Larver"—that being the name of the friend in question. "Susannah!" said I, "what of Larver? Speak! Has he met with any accident? Is he ill?" Susannah replied faintly, "Married—married before we were!" and would have gone into hysterics but that I make a rule of never permitting that disorder under my roof.

For upwards of ten years, my bosom friend Larver, in close communication with me every day, had smuggled a wife! He had at last confided the truth to Susannah, and had presented Mrs. Larver. There was no kind of reason for this, that we could ever find out. Even Susannah had not a doubt of things being all correct. He had "run" Mrs. Larver into a little cottage in Hertfordshire, and nobody ever knew why, or ever will know. In fact, I believe there was no why in it.

The most astonishing part of the matter is, that I have known other men do exactly the same thing. I could give the names of a dozen in a footnote, if I thought it right.—*Household Words.*

INCIDENTS AMONG THE NEWSBOYS.

AN EXTEMPORE SPEECH.

OF course the boys in the Lodging-House have their own fun occasionally, especially when Mr. Tracy is out. One evening lately, after school, a boy who goes by the soubriquet of "Fatty," a dull-looking fellow, with a deal of humour under the surface, thought he would try his part as a lecturer. Mr. N——, the assistant, was so much amused at the effort that he took notes of it afterwards.

The boy mounted the little platform, seated himself with great dignity, and, rapping, to make order, began: "Boys, I want to speak a word to you. I come some way to-night to get speaking a word to you, boys! I love to see boys, and I have felt a great *interest* in you, boys. You are very clean, and nice, and comfortable here, boys, and I am glad to see you so. I was once a boy myself. I can never be a boy again. More 's the pity!" (shaking his head with mock gravity). "I was once just like yous. I used to pitch pennies, and chew tobaccer, and drink rum, and smoke cigars, just as you do." "I'll swear to that," murmured a boy from the seats. "Yes, boys, I was once a boy myself, and I feel for you, boys; and I am glad when I have an opportunity to talk you. Now, how many of you boys made money to-day?" "I did," said one boy; none of the others spoke. "Only one boy made money!" Here a noise arose. "Now, boys! *boys!*" rapping on the table, "I want you to listen attentively, so that I can hear a pin drop. If I cannot hear a pin drop, I cannot speak at all. If you do not wish to hear me, I will stop. There is no use in me coming way here, and climbing up all these stairs, and leaving my friends at home, if the boys won't listen to what I have to say." This restored order in some degree, though some of the lads were nearly rolling off their seats in convulsions of laughter, for the manner and emphasis of the speaker were even better than his words. "Well, now, how much better it would have been for you other boys to have made money, and not a been a loafin' about corners, and pitchin' pennies, and losing your time, and drinkin'. O boys! I used to like rum once. Two thousand five hundred dollars, all but a cent, were pulled out of my pocket, in two years, by rum. Be men! Quit it! There is another thing I want to speak to you about—that is sellin' papers on Sunday. It's not right. You knows it isn't. You ought to go to Sunday-school—to *Sunday-school*, boys; and after you come out, you'd—you would" (here he was at a loss for a reward for such virtue)—"maybe you *would find a purse of money!*"

This was too much; the boys roared out, but he kept his self-possession, and continued: "Now, boys, would it not be better to find a purse of money than to sell papers? Boys, take my advice, and stop your selling papers on Sunday. I have a great deal more to say, if you would be quiet! Order! I am sorry you won't listen; but it is bed-time, and I'm sure you boys are tired." "Yes, yes," said several; "we'll hear you to-morrow night." "Very well, boys, I'll be *happy* to come up to-morrow night and talk to you."

The applause was enthusiastic, of course. "We'll have a night at the Tabernacle with *Fatty*," said one; and another thought he would "beat Sam Houston."—*C. L. Brace, in The Independent.*

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

IF the venerable men who crossed the Atlantic for the sole purpose of laying down this invisible and innocent line, which has given immortality to their names, could have foreseen "to what base uses" it would be brought, we are persuaded, little as we know of their characters, that even a royal mandate would have failed in moving them to undertake it.

For our attention being brought at this time to the geographical signification of this famous line, we are indebted to the researches of Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, a gentleman whose profound acquirements and literary taste have contributed much to enrich the common stock of knowledge. The subject was chosen by him for an address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; and, as we presume but a very limited number of copies were printed for distribution, we shall not subject ourselves to the charge of carrying figs to Athens, if we quote a few passages from it for the benefit of our readers. Speaking of the political turn given to a purely geographical question, he says:

"A consequence of this state of things has been to perpetuate the memory of the old surveyors who established it—a rare good fortune as regards their fame; for, while the engineers who located the road across the Simplon have been forgotten in the all-absorbing renown of the master whom they served; while, of the thousands who sail past the Eddystone, not one perhaps knows who it was that erected, on a crag in the midst of the sea, the wondrous light-house that has now defied the tempests of a century; while oblivion has been the lot of other benefactors of mankind, whose works, of every-day utility, should have been their enduring monuments, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, who, sixty eight years ago, ran a line through the forest, until the Indians forbid the further progress of chain and compass, and whose greatest merit seems to have been that of accurate surveyors, have obtained a notoriety for their names as lasting as the history of our country."

It was in 1763 that the proprietaries of Pennsylvania and Maryland agreed with Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon to survey the boundary between their respective grants; and these "two mathematicians or surveyors" landed in Philadelphia in November of the same year, and entered at once upon the work agreed upon.

According to their own account, that new line did not vary an inch eastward or westward of that which had been established by previous surveyors; "so that, after all," says Mr. Latrobe, "the sighting along poles and the rude chain measurements of 1761 and 1762 would have answered every purpose, had the proprietors only thought so."

He gives a minute account of the progress of this work from time to time, and thus continues:

"The lines whose history has thus been given were directed to be marked in a particular manner, both by the agreements of the parties and the decree of Lord Hardwicke; and the surveyors accordingly planted at the end of every fifth mile, a stone graven with the arms of the Penns on the one side and of the Baltimore family on the other, marking the intermediate miles with smaller stones having a P on one side and an M on the other. The stones with the arms were all sent from England.

"This was done on the parallel of latitude as far as Sideling Hill, but here all wheel transportation ceasing in 1766, the further marking of the line was the vista of eight yards wide, with piles of stones on the crests of all the mountain ranges, built some eight feet high, as far as the summit of the Alleghany, beyond which the line was marked by posts, around which stones and earth were thrown the better to preserve them."

All the efforts of Mr. Latrobe to discover some information in regard to the characters and personal appearance of these two remarkable individuals proved fruitless. "Their letters," he says, "are the merest business letters, their journal is the most naked of records," and he therefore amused himself by divining their characters from their respective autographs. From these he very ingeniously deduces that "Mason was a cool, deliberate, pains-taking man, never in a hurry; a man of quiet courage, who crossed the Monongahela with fifteen men because it was his duty to do so, though he would have much preferred thrice the number at his heels."

From Dixon's signature he infers "that he was a younger man; a more active man; a man of impatient spirit and a nervous temperament; just such a man as worked best with a sober-sided colleague."

In a note he tells us that Lalande, in his *Bibliographic Astronomique*, says that Dixon was *born in a coal mine.* He died at Durham, England, in 1777; but Mason survived him ten years, and according to the *Encyclopedia Americana*, died in Pennsylvania in 1787. One of the stones—that which marked the north-east corner of Maryland—being undermined by a brook, in the course of time fell, and was removed to form a part of a chimney to a neighbouring farm-house.

Upon the stone being missed, Mr. Latrobe says "the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware took the matter in hand, and a joint commission was appointed, which, obtaining the services of Lieutenant-Colonel James D. Graham, a distinguished officer of the Topographical Engineers of the United States, caused the work of Mason and Dixon to be reviewed as far as was necessary. Colonel Graham's work corroborated in all important particulars the work of his predecessors. Some errors were discovered, however."

By the correction of one of these errors the State of Maryland gained an addition to her territory of "one acre and eighty-seven hundredths of an acre, but whether loss fell upon Pennsylvania or Delaware does not appear. Another of the errors corrected was of a rather singular character. Colonel Graham says in his report: "Mr. W. Smith, a gentleman who has once served as a member of the legislature of Delaware, resided a full half mile within the State of Pennsylvania," and Christiana church, by the same re-survey, was found to be in Pennsylvania.

These are all curious facts, well worthy to be made the subject of an address to any historical society; and the manner in which Mr. Latrobe executed his task shows the discriminating judgment of the Pennsylvania Society in selecting an individual so every way competent to its satisfactory performance.—*National Intelligencer, July 2.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE Paris censor has cut out some passages in Verdi's new piece, the *Sicilian Vespers*, in which the words "tyrants" and "liberty" were injudiciously used.

——A French chemist says that he has discovered that by grinding tea in the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhilarating fluid obtained is nearly doubled.

——The *Presse* says we have the best authority for contradicting the statement, which has lately been made public, that there is at present any probability of lineal transmission of the Crown of France.

——ANOTHER IRISHMAN.—The Irish claim General Pellissier as the son of a countryman. It is said that his father was a Limerick gentleman, a Mr. Palisser, who was obliged to fly from Ireland during the troubles of 1798.

——Greenwich Hospital has just received the relics, lately brought to England, of Sir John Franklin and his companions. They are placed next to the coat in which Lord Nelson received his death-wound at Trafalgar.

——Within the last few days, an artificial aviary has been uncovered in the Paris Palais de l'Industrie. Under an immense glass globe is a tree whose branches are covered with stuffed birds of brilliant plumage. On turning a key, a spring at the foot of the tree begins to run, the birds skip from branch to branch, and chirp and sing in the most ageeeable manner. Their little beaks and breasts are in constant agitation, as in life, and not a few who have heard them declare that the notes are preferable to those of the living birds at the aviary of Tattura, which is close at hand.

——A FRIGHTFUL ACCUMULATION OF MISFORTUNES.—The widow of the late Admiral Boxer is now suffering from a most dire accumulation of misfortunes. The first of these was the death from cholera of her nephew, at Balaklava. This was followed by the decease, from the same cause, of her husband. The next intelligence she received was to the effect that her house in the country had been burnt to the ground. Scarcely had she been made acquainted with this fact when the failure of Messrs. Strahan's bank deprived her of an amount of not less than £30,000; and, to crown all her misery, she has now a son before Sebastopol who, it is expected, cannot long survive.

——THE WORD "ITS."—Attention once called to the matter, one is surprised to discover of how late introduction the word "its" proves to be into the language. Through the whole of our authorized version of the Bible "its" does not once occur; the work which it now performs being accomplished, as our rustics would now accomplish it, by "his" or "her" applied as freely to inanimate things as to persons, or else by "thereof" or "of it." "Its" occurs, I believe, only three times in all Shakspeare, and I doubt whether Milton has once admitted it into "Paradise Lost," although, when that was composed, others freely allowed it.

——There is a family, in humble circumstances, at Kettering, bearing the ancient royal name of Plantagenet, though now it is commonly corrupted into Plant, we suppose for the sake of brevity. There is also living in the town the widow of a baronet, who earns a precarious livelihood at washing and charing. She is sometimes facetiously called "My Lady." Her late husband's grandfather, Sir John Norwich, lost a large estate through gambling, and was afterwards pensioned by the Duke of Montague, and his son, the last Sir John, was so poor that he died in the parish workhouse, leaving nothing but the barren title to the late William Norwich, who followed the humble occupation of a s